THE MERRILL READERS

FIFTH READER

DYER & BRADY

Zela Fay Martin

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See page 278

THE FOREMOST CHECKED HIS HORSE BESIDE PERCIVALE AND SAID, "SAWEST THOU A KNIGHT PASS THIS WAY?"

THE MERRILL READERS

FIFTH READER

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PREFACE

If a Fifth Reader is to hold the interest of children, it is important that the contents should not be too mature. Though the pupils may be able to read fluently, they have not yet put away childish things. The selections, therefore, must be carefully graded with regard to both the style and the thought. Children will master difficult words if their interest in the story is active, but a difficult style and maturity of thought discourage them.

To children, at this period, the world seems full of romance and adventure, and they have begun to realize that through books they may see the world. It is very necessary that they see the right world and not one painted in false colors. It is well, also, that they should have glimpses of the great figures of history and literature in a way that will make them wish to know these characters better.

This Fifth Reader, therefore, contains a large amount of wholesome adventure and experiences, including some of the great stories of the world's literature and selections from the great writers. It frequently happens that children can appreciate part of a long story before they can read it in the complete form. In the stories that are here abridged from longer works, the spirit and the language of the author have been preserved. Moreover, these stories are always complete units and are of sufficient length to aid in establishing habits of sustained attention and interest. While many selections are fresh or uncommon in a Reader, the choice has always been made, not for the sake of novelty, but with a view to the needs, tastes, and interests of children at this age. It is the purpose of this Fifth Reader to

take children as they are and to lead them to enjoy and appreciate good art, great character, and wholesome romance.

If the right kind of reading material is provided, the children will be eager to read, for they are eager to know and to enjoy. The important question is not, "Are the children able to read?" but, "Are they eager to read?" Do they get a glimpse of beauty, truth, goodness? Does the story lodge in the heart as well as in the head? Does it relate itself to their own experience and interpret some phase of life to them? Does it quicken their sympathies, arouse their ambition, and give them an onward impulse and an upward outlook?

In the next place, attention should be given to oral expression. There should be a serious effort, on the part of the children, to read the selection distinctly, pleasantly, and with feeling. The first question is, "Does the reading indicate appreciation?" and after that comes the question, "Is it read so distinctly that all can understand?"

Finally in the oral discussion which should follow the reading of every selection comes the question, "Is the oral expression that was developed in the reading lesson carried over into the conversation?" Children may read beautifully and talk abominably. The training is ineffective if they do not apply their lesson in reading to their manner of talking. Distinctness of enunciation is an important virtue in a schoolroom. It should start in the oral reading and be a matter of constant training in the recitation until it becomes habitual in spontaneous conversation.

In order to help the pupils to enter into the spirit of the selections, a group of SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY is provided on pages 289–308. In various ways these Suggestions stimulate the pupil's interest in the reading, explain unfamiliar ideas or expressions, direct attention to important points, and supply the basis for conversation. They fill the rôle of friendly guide, always avoiding the elaborate analysis and the "interpretations" of literature that are beyond the capacity of children of this age.

The WORD LIST or "dictionary" at the end of the book should be used often enough to give the children a good training in

finding words and learning their meaning. The children should also be encouraged to gather the meaning of a word from its context as they read, without reference to the dictionary. In both of these ways the pupil's vocabulary will be enlarged.

If teachers will use this FIFTH READER in the spirit of these observations, they will be convinced that reading is the one of the Three R's which is most far-reaching in its importance in the development of character, knowledge, and pleasing personality.

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F. B. DYER
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FIFTH READER

JON OF ICELAND

I

A Boy's Life in Iceland

The boys of Iceland must be content with very few acquaintances and playmates. The dwellings are rarely less than four miles apart; and were it not for their swift and nimble ponies, the people would see very little of each other except on Sundays, when they ride long distances to attend worship in their little wooden churches.

Of all the boys in the island, not one was more lonely in his situation than Jon Sigurdson. Jon was a sturdy boy, who promised to be as strong as his father in a few years more. Except his parents and his sister, he saw no one for weeks at a time. When he met other boys after church, so much time was always lost in shyly looking at each other and shrinking from talk, that no very intimate acquaintance followed.

But in spite of his lonely life, Jon was far from being ignorant. In the long winter months, the needful work of the day could be done in an hour or two, and then Sigurd sat down to teach his children, while their mother

spun or knit beside them. Jon could already read and write well, and he could answer (with a good deal of blushing) when he was addressed in Latin.

He also knew something of the world, and its different countries and climates; but this knowledge seemed to him like a strange dream, or like something that had happened long ago and never could happen again. He was accustomed to hear a little birch bush, four or five feet high, called "a tree," and he could not imagine how any tree could be a hundred feet high, or bear flowers or fruit.

Once a trader brought a few oranges to their nearest town, and Sigurd purchased one for Jon and Gudrid. The children kept it day after day, never tired of enjoying the splendid color and strange, delightful perfume; so when they decided to cut the rind at last, the pulp was dried up and tasteless.

A city was something of which Jon could form no idea. He imagined that palaces and cathedrals were like large Icelandic farmhouses, with very few windows and turf growing on the roofs.

When Jon was in his fifteenth year, there came several weeks when no rain fell in the valley. The sheep began to hunger; for the best patch of grass in front of the house was carefully kept for hay, and the next best, farther down the river, for the ponies. So Jon was obliged to lead his flock to a narrow little dell, three or four miles to the northward.

Here for a week the sheep nibbled diligently, wherever anything green showed itself at the foot of the black rocks; and when the pasture grew scanty again, they began to stare at Jon in a way which many persons might have thought stupid. *He* understood them; they meant to say, "We've nearly finished this; find us something more!"

That evening, as he was leading his flock into the little inclosure beside the dwelling, he heard his father and mother talking.

"Two days' journey away," said Sigurd, "are excellent pastures that belong to nobody. There is no sign of rain yet, and if we could send Jon with the sheep —"

They moved away, while Jon clasped the palms of his hands hard against each other, and stood still for a minute to repeat to himself all he had heard. He knew what his father meant — nothing else than that he, Jon, should take the sheep two days' journey away, to the very edge of the terrible wilderness, and pasture them there, alone, probably for many days. Why, Columbus, when he set sail from Spain, could not have had a brighter dream of unknown lands!

Jon went in to supper in such a state of excitement

that he hardly touched the dried fish and hard oaten bread; but he drank two huge bowls of milk and still felt thirsty. When at last Sigurd opened his lips and spoke, Jon straightened himself as if he were already a man, and quietly said, "I'll do it!"

II

The Great Adventure

At two o'clock in the morning, when the sun was already shining on the snowy tops of the mountains, Jon hung a bag of provisions over his shoulders, kissed his parents and sister, and started northward, driving the sheep before him. In a couple of hours he reached the farthest point of the valley which he had ever visited, and all beyond was an unknown region.

For two days he drove the sheep onward, running and shouting behind them; and each night when the sheep lay down, he sought a sheltered place under a rock and slept. The third morning he led his flock over a great ridge and down into the fertile valley.

The first thing the boy did, after satisfying himself that the sheep were not likely to stray away, was to seek for a cave or hollow among the rocks, where he could find shelter from storms. There he made a place to sleep and arranged his provisions.

Day after day went by, and he was too busy to feel his loneliness. He climbed the heights in all directions, and

fixed the forms of every crag and hollow firmly in his memory. He so thoroughly explored the neighborhood that he could have found his way in the dark. He knew that there were only barren regions to the right and left; but the great bare tableland stretching to the northward was a continual temptation, for there were human settlements beyond.

Jon's desire to explore the road leading to the northward grew so strong that he at last yielded to it. But first he made every arrangement for the safety of the sheep during his absence, and concealed his supply of provisions. Then in the early morning, he began his strange and solitary journey.

In two or three hours he had passed the limits of his former excursions; and now, if a storm should arise, his very life might depend on his being able to find the way back. Like all persons who are obliged to measure time without a watch or clock, he had a very correct sense of the hours of the day and of the distances he walked from point to point. Where there was no large or striking object near at hand, he took the trouble to arrange several stones in a line pointing to the next landmark behind him, as a guide in case of fog.

It was an exciting, a wonderful day, and Jon never forgot it. He scarcely paused to eat or rest, until nearly twelve hours had passed and he had walked fully thirty miles. But his limbs, young and strong as they were, needed some rest; and he speedily decided what to do

next. A lighter streak in the rocky floor of the plain led his eye toward a low, broken peak, — in reality, the crater of a small extinct volcano, some five miles off. The crater, besides offering him shelter in its crevices, was the best starting-point, either for going on or for returning. The lighter color of the rock could easily be traced throughout the whole distance. He followed it rapidly, and reached the ruins of the volcano a little after sunset.

Before he lay down, Jon arranged a line of stones pointing toward the light streak across the plain, and another line giving the direction of the valleys to the northward. To the latter he added two short slanting lines at the end, forming a figure like an arrow-head, and then, highly satisfied, lay down in the crevice to sleep.

III

The Lost Travelers

How much time passed in this sleep Jon could never exactly learn, probably six to seven hours. He was aroused by what seemed to be ice-cold rats' feet scampering over his face. As he brushed them away with his hand, his ears became alive to a terrible, roaring sound.

He started up, alarmed, at first bewildered, then suddenly wide awake. The cold feet upon his face were little threads of water trickling from above; the fearful roaring came from a storm — a hurricane of mixed rain, wind, cloud, and snow. It was day, yet darker than

the Arctic summer night, so dense and black was the tempest.

When Jon crept out of the crevice, he was nearly thrown down by the force of the wind. The first thing he did was to seek the two lines of stones he had arranged for his guidance. They had not been blown away as he feared; and the sight of the arrow-head made his heart leap with gratitude to the Providence which had led him, for without that sign he would have been bewildered at the very start.

He had not gone more than a hundred yards when he fancied he heard a sharp, hammering sound through the roar of the tempest, and paused to listen. The sound came rapidly nearer; it was certainly the hoofs of many horses. Nothing could be seen; the noise came from the west, passed in front of him, and began to die away to the eastward. His blood grew chilled for a moment. It was all so sudden and strange and ghostly that he knew not what to think.

He was about to push forward and get out of the region where such things happened, when he heard, very faintly, the cry which the Icelanders use in driving their baggage-ponies. Then he remembered a deep gorge he had seen to the eastward, before reaching the crater. The invisible travelers were riding toward it, probably lost, and unaware of their danger.

As this thought passed through Jon's mind like a flash of lightning, he shouted with all the strength of his voice.

He waited, but there was no answer. Then he shouted again, while the wind seemed to tear the sound from his lips and fling it away — on the course the hoofs had taken.

This time a cry came in return; it seemed far off, because the storm beat against the sound. Jon shouted a third time, and the answer was now more distinct. Presently he distinguished the words, "Come here to us!"

"I cannot!" he cried.

In a few minutes more he heard the hoofs returning, and then the forms of ponies became visible through the driving snow-clouds. They halted, forming a semi-circle in front of him; and then one of three dim riders, leaning forward, again called, "Come here!"

"I cannot!" Jon answered again.

Thereupon another of the horsemen rode close to him and stared down upon him. He said something which Jon understood to be, "Eric, it is a little boy!" — but he was not quite sure, for the man's way of talking was strange. He put the words in the wrong places and pronounced them curiously.

The man who had first spoken jumped off his horse. Holding the bridle, he came forward and said, in good, plain Icelandic, "Why couldn't you come when I called you?"

"I am keeping the road back," replied Jon. "If I move, I might lose it."

Jon's face brightened. "In three hours," he replied, "there will be pasturage and water and shelter."

He was already approaching the region which he knew thoroughly, and there was scarcely a chance of losing the way. They had more than one furious gust to encounter — more than one moment when the famished and exhausted ponies halted and refused to move; but towards evening the last ridge was reached, and they saw below them the green valley-basin, the gleam of the river, and the scattered white specks of the grazing sheep.

BAYARD TAYLOR

HOW WE PAID FOR PERRONET

We never knew who it was that tried to drown Perronet, but it was Sandy who saved his life and brought him home. Perronet was not at all nice to look at when we first saw him. He was wet all over, and his eyes were shut, and you could see his ribs, and he looked quite dark and sticky. But when he dried, he was a lovely yellow, with two black ears like velvet. People sometimes asked us what kind of dog he was, but we never knew, except that he was the nicest possible kind.

We were afraid we were not going to be allowed to have him. Mother said we could not afford him, because of the tax and his keep. The tax was five shillings, but it was nearly a year to the time of paying it. Of course

his keep began as soon as he could eat, and that was the very same evening. We were all miserable, because we were so fond of Perronet. At last it was settled that all three of us would give up sugar, towards saving the expense of his keep.

About the tax: we thought we could save any pennies or halfpennies we got during the year, and it was such a long time to the time for paying, that we should be almost sure to have enough by then. We did not have any money at the time, or we would have bought a savings-box; but lots of people save their money in stockings, and we settled that we would.

There was no kind of play we liked better than playing at houses and new homes. But no matter where we made our "home," it was sure to be disturbed. If it was indoors, and we made a palace under the big table, as soon as ever we had it nicely divided into rooms according to where the legs came, it was certain to be dinner-time, and people put their feet into it. The nicest house we ever had was in the barn. We kept it a secret for weeks, and then the new load of wood came and covered up everything, our best oyster-shell dinner-service and all.

Any one can see that it is impossible really to fancy anything when you are constantly interrupted. You can't have any fun out of a railway train stopping at stations, when they take all your carriages to pieces because the chairs are wanted for tea. Nor can you play

properly at Grace Darling in a life-boat, when they say the old cradle is too good to be knocked about in that way. It was always the same. The day we did Aladdin in the store-closet, old Jane came to put away the soap just when Aladdin could not possibly have got the door of the cave open.

It was one day early in May when Sandy came in about four o'clock, smiling more broadly even than usual, and said to Richard and me, "I've found a fairy godmother, and she's given us a field."

"What's the good of a field?" said Richard.

"Splendid houses in it," said Sandy.

"I'm tired of fancying homes," said I. "It's no good; we always get turned out."

"It's a new place," Sandy continued; "you've never been there," and he took a triumphant bite of a piece of cake which he pulled out of his pocket.

"How did you get there?" asked Richard.

"The fairy godmother showed me," was Sandy's reply. "Come along."

He went on and we followed him, until presently he led us through a hole in a hedge and into a field. There was no path, but Sandy walked away up it, and we went after him. There was another hedge at the top, with a stile in it. We all climbed over, and when we got to the other side, Sandy leaned against the big post and gave a wave of his right hand and said, "This is our field."

It sloped down hill, and the hedges around it were rather high with awkward branches of blackthorn sticking out here and there without any leaves. There were cowslips all over the field, but they were thicker at the lower end, which was damp.

The great heat of the day was over. The sun was still shining low down and made such splendid shadows that we all walked about with gray giants at our feet. It made the bright green of the grass, and the cowslips,

and the top of the hedge, and Sandy's hair, and everything in the sunlight so yellow — so very yellow — that just for a minute I really believed about Sandy's godmother, and thought it was a story come true, and that everything was turning into gold.

But it was only for a minute; of course I know that fairy tales are not true. But it was a lovely field, and when we had put our hands to our eyes and had a good look at it, I said to Sandy, "It is the best field I ever heard of."

"Sit down," said Sandy, doing the honors; and we all sat down under the hedge.

"There are violets just behind us," he continued. "Can't you smell them? But whatever you do, don't tell anybody, or we shan't keep our field to ourselves for a day. There's a brook at the bottom, too."

"It's almost too good, Sandy dear!" said I, as we crossed the field to the opposite hedge.

"The best is to come," said Sandy. "I've a very good mind not to let it out till to-morrow." And to our distraction, he sat down in the middle of the field, put his arms around his knees, and rocked himself backwards and forwards, with a face of brimming satisfaction.

Neither Richard nor I would have been so mean as to explore on our own account when the field was Sandy's discovery, but we tried hard to persuade him to show us everything. He had the most provoking way of laughing and holding his tongue, and he did that now, besides slowly turning all his pockets inside-out into his hands, and mumbling up the crumbs and odd currants, saying, "Guess!" between each mouthful.

But when there was not a crumb left in the seams of his pockets, Sandy turned them back, and jumping up, said, "One can tell a secret only once. It's a hollow oak. Come along!"

He ran and we ran to the other side of Our Field. I had read of hollow oaks and seen pictures of them, and once I had dreamed of one, with a witch inside, but we had never had one to play in. We were nearly wild with delight. It looked all solid from the field, but when we

pushed behind on the hedge side, there was the door, and I crept in. There could not be a more perfect castle, and though there were no windows in the sides, the light came in from the top. Sandy was quite right. It was the very best thing in Our Field.

Perronet was as fond of the field as we were. What he liked were the little birds. At least, I don't know that he liked them, but they were what he chiefly attended to. I think he knew that it was Our Field, and thought he was the watch-dog of it. Whenever a bird settled down anywhere, he barked at it, and then it flew away, and he ran barking after it till he lost it. By that time, another bird had settled down, and then Perronet flew at it, and so on, all up and down the hedge.

We had all kinds of games in Our Field. Shops — for there were quantities of things to sell — and sometimes I was a moss-merchant, for there were ten different kinds of moss by the brook. Sometimes I was a jeweler and sold daisy-chains and pebbles, and coral sets made of holly berries, and oak-apple necklaces. Sometimes I kept provisions, like earth-nuts, and mallow-cheeses, and mushrooms; and sometimes I kept a flower-shop and sold nosegays and wreaths and umbrellas made of rushes. I liked that kind of shop, because I am fond of arranging flowers. Sometimes I kept a whole lot of shops, and Richard and Sandy bought my things, and paid for them with money made of elderpith, sliced into rounds.

Richard's every-day cap had a large hole in the top,

and when we were in Our Field, we always hung it on the top of the tallest of the two stile-posts, to show that we were there; just as the Queen has a flag hung out at Windsor Castle, when she is at home.

We played at castles and houses, and when we were tired of the houses, we pretended to pack up, and went to the seaside for change of air by the brook. Sandy and I took off our shoes and stockings and were bathing-

women, and we bathed Perronet. Before we went down to the brook, we made jam of hips and haws from the hedge at the top of the field, and put it into acorn cups, and took it with us, so that the children might not be short of roly-polies at the seaside.

We were very happy that summer. The only thing that vexed us was thinking of Perronet's tax-money, for months and months went on and we did not save it. Once we got as far as twopence halfpenny, and then one day Richard came to me and said, "I must have some more string for the kite. You might lend me a penny out of Perronet's stocking, till I get some money of my own."

So I did; and the next day Sandy came and said, "You lent Dick one of Perronet's coppers; I'm sure Perronet would lend me one," and then they said it was ridiculous to leave a halfpenny there by itself, so we spent it for acid drops.

It worried me so much, at last, that I began to dream horrible dreams about Perronet's having to go away because we hadn't saved his tax-money. I used to wake up and cry, till the pillow was so wet I had to turn it.

Then one day we heard about the flower-show. It was in school. The schoolmaster rapped on his desk and said, "Silence, children!" and told us that there was to be a flower-show this year, and that an old gentleman was going to give prizes to the school-children for window-plants and for the best arranged wild flowers. There

was to be a first prize of five shillings, and a second prize of half-a-crown, for the best collection of wild flowers with the names put to them.

"The English names," said the schoolmaster; "and there may be — silence, children! — there may be collections of ferns, or grasses, or mosses, too, for the gentleman wishes to encourage a taste for natural history."

Several of the village children said, "What's that?" I squeezed Sandy's arm and whispered, "Five shillings!" and the schoolmaster said, "Silence, children!" and I thought I never should finish my lessons that day for thinking of Perronet's tax-money.

I said to the boys, "Look here: I'll do a collection of flowers. I know the names, and I can print. If either of you is willing to make another collection, you know there are ten kinds of mosses by the brook; we have names for them of our own, and they are English. Perhaps they'll do. But everything must come out of Our Field."

The boys agreed, and they were very good. Richard made me a box, rather high at the back. We put sand at the bottom and dampened it; and then put in feather moss, lovely clumps of it, and into that I stuck the flowers. They all came out of Our Field.

I always like to see the grass with flowers, and we had very pretty grasses; so between the bunches of flowers I put bunches of grass of different kinds. I got all the flowers and all the grasses ready first, and printed the names on pieces of cardboard to stick in with them, and

then I arranged them. I put the colors that looked best together next to each other, and at the very last I put on a label: ALL OUT OF OUR FIELD.

The flower-show day was very hot. I did not think it could be hotter anywhere in the world than it was in the tent where the show was held.

We should never have been able to get into the tent at all — for you had to pay at the gate — if they had not let competitors in free. When we got in, there were a lot of grown-up people, and it was very hard work getting to see the stands. We kept seeing tickets with FIRST PRIZE and SECOND PRIZE; but they were sure to be fruit that you mightn't eat, or vegetables.

We had struggled slowly all round the tent, and had seen all the cucumbers, onions, lettuces, long potatoes, round potatoes, and everything else, when we saw an old gentleman, with spectacles and white hair, standing with two or three ladies. We saw three nosegays in jugs, with all the green picked off, and the flowers tied as tightly together as they would go.

And then we saw my collection, and it had a big label on it marked FIRST PRIZE. Next to it came Richard's moss-tray, with the hair-moss, and the pincushion-moss, and the scale-mosses, and a lot of others with names of our own, and it was marked SECOND PRIZE.

I gripped one of Sandy's arms just as Richard seized the other, and we both cried, "Perronet is paid for!"

JULIANA H. EWING

GIVING THANKS

For the hay and the corn and the wheat that is reaped,
For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honeycomb,
For the rose and the song, and the harvest brought home —
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,
For the cunning and strength of the workingman's hand,
For the good that our artists and poets have taught,
For the friendship that hope and affection have brought —
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are blest,
For the season of plenty and well deserved rest,
For our country extending from sea unto sea,
The land that is known as the "Land of the Free" —
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

SWIMMING WITH A BEAR

What made these ugly rows of scars on my left hand?

Well, it might have been buckshot; only it wasn't. Besides, buckshot would be scattered about, but these ugly little holes are all in a row, or rather in two rows. Now a wolf might have made these holes with his fine teeth, or a bear might have done it with his dingy and ugly teeth, long ago.

I must here tell you that the teeth of a bear are not nearly so fine as the teeth of a wolf. And the teeth of the lion are the ugliest of them all. They are often broken and bent and they are always of a dim yellow color. It is from this yellow hue of the lion's teeth that we have the name of one of the most famous early flowers of May: *dent de lion*, tooth of the lion, dandelion.

In the old days, out here in California, when the Sierras were full of bold young fellows hunting for gold, quite a number of them had hand-to-hand battles with bears. For when we came out here, "the woods were full of 'em." Of course, the first thing a man does when he finds himself face to face with a bear, and he has no gun — and that is always the time when he finds a bear — why, he runs; that is, if the bear will let him.

We have five kinds of bears in the Sierras. The "boxer," the "hugger," and the "biter" are the most

The bear had evidently not seen the boy yet, but it had smelled his boots and clothes. Dropping on all fours, with nose close to the mossy log, it slowly shuffled forward.

That boy was the stillest boy, all this time, that has ever been. Pretty soon the bear reached his clothes. It stopped, sat down, nosed them about as a hog might, and then slowly and lazily got up.

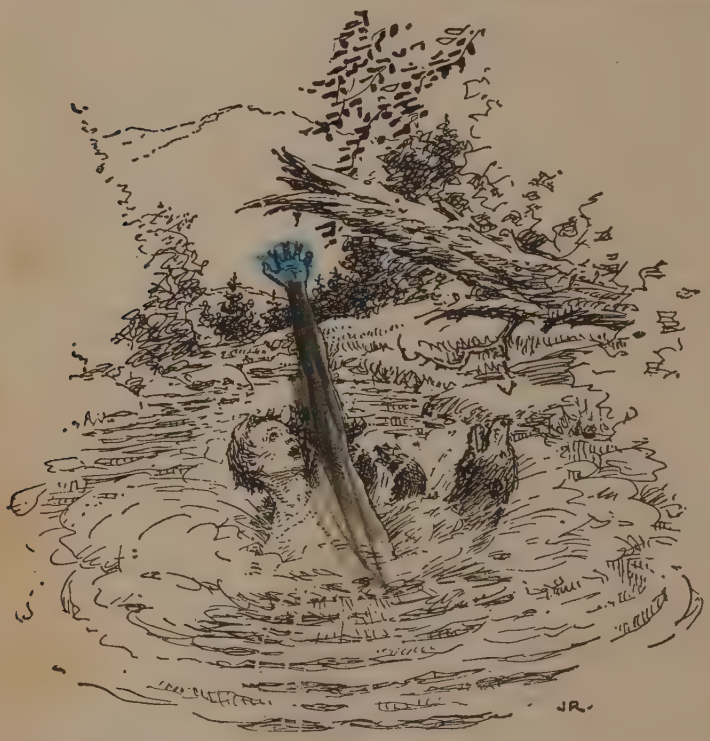
What next? Would it come any farther? Would it? Could it? The long, sharp little nose was once more to the moss and sliding slowly and surely toward the poor boy. Then the boy shivered and settled down, down, down on his haunches, with his little hands clasped till he was all of a heap.

But all this could not last. The bear was almost on him in half a minute, although it did not lift its nose six inches till almost within reach of the boy's toes. Then the surprised bear suddenly stood up and began to look the boy in the face.

As the terrified youth sprang up, he thrust out his left hand as a guard and with the other struck the brute with all his might between the eyes. But the left hand lodged in two rows of sharp teeth, and the boy and the bear rolled into the river together.

They were together only an instant. The bear, of course, could not breathe with his mouth open in the water, and so had to let go. Instinctively, or perhaps because his course lay in that direction, the bear struck

out, swimming "dog fashion," for the farther shore. And as the boy certainly had no business on that side of the river, he did not follow, but kept very still, clinging to



the moss on the big bowlder till the bear had shaken the water from his coat and disappeared in the thicket.

Then the boy, pale and trembling from fright and the loss of blood, climbed up the broken end of the log, got his clothes, struggled into them as he ran, and so reached camp.

And he had not yelled! He tied up his hand in a piece of old flour sack, all by himself, for the men had not yet come back; and he didn't whimper!

"What became of the boy?" you ask.

The boy grew up, as all energetic boys do; for there seems to be a sort of special Providence for such boys.

And where is he now?

Out in California, trapping bears in the winter and planting olive trees in their season.

And do I know him?

Yes, pretty well; almost as well as any old fellow can know himself.

JOAQUIN MILLER

A CAB HORSE'S STORY

My new master's name was Jeremiah Barker, but as every one called him Jerry, I shall do the same. Polly, his wife, was as good a match as a man could have. She was a plump, trim, tidy little woman, with smooth dark hair, dark eyes, and a merry little mouth. Harry was nearly twelve years old, a tall, frank, good-tempered lad; and little Dorothy (Dolly they called her) was her mother over again, at eight years old. They were all wonderfully fond of one another. I never knew such a happy, merry family before or since.

Jerry had a cab of his own, and two horses which he drove and attended to himself. His other horse was a tall, white, rather large-boned animal called "Captain."

I never knew a better man than my new master. He was kind and good, and strong for the right; and so good-tempered and merry that very few people could pick a quarrel with him. He was fond of making little songs, and singing them to himself. One he was very fond of was this:—

"Come, father and mother,
And sister and brother!
Come, all of you, turn to
And help one another."

And so they did. Harry was as clever at stablework as a much older boy, and always wanted to do what

he could. Polly and Dolly used to come in the morning to help with the cab — to brush and beat the cushions, and rub the glass, while Jerry was giving us a cleaning in the yard, and Harry was rubbing the harness. There used to be a great deal of laughing and fun among them; and it put Captain and me in much better spirits than if we had heard scolding and hard words.

They were always early in the morning; for Jerry would say: —

"If you in the morning
Throw minutes away,
You can't pick them up
In the course of the day.
You may hurry and scurry,
And flurry and worry,
You've lost them for ever,
For ever and aye."

He could not bear any careless loitering and waste of time; and nothing came so near making him angry as to find people wanting a cab horse to be driven hard, to make up for their idleness.

One day two wild-looking young men came out of a tavern close by the stand, and called to Jerry, "Here, cabby! Look sharp! We are rather late. Put on the steam, will you, and take us to the Victoria in time for the one o'clock train? You shall have a shilling extra."

"I will take you at the regular pace, gentlemen. Shillings don't pay for putting on the steam like that."

Larry's cab was standing next to ours. He flung open the door, and said, "I'm your man, gentlemen! Take my cab; my horse will get you there all right." And as he shut them in, with a wink towards Jerry, he said, "It's against his conscience to go beyond a jog-trot." Then, slashing his jaded horse, he set off as hard as he could.

Jerry patted me on the neck. "No, Jack, a shilling would not pay for that sort of thing; would it, old boy?"

Although Jerry was set against hard driving to please careless people, he always went a good fair pace, and was not against putting on the steam, as he said, if he only knew why.

I well remember one morning, as we were on the stand waiting for a fare, that a young man, carrying a heavy portmanteau, trod on a piece of orange-peel which lay on the pavement, and fell down with great force.

Jerry was the first to run and lift him up. He seemed much stunned, and as they led him into a shop, he walked as if he were in great pain. Jerry, of course, came back to the stand; but in about ten minutes one of the shopmen called him, so we drew up to the sidewalk.

"Can you take me to the South-Eastern Railway?" said the young man. "This unlucky fall has made me late, I fear; but it is of great importance that I should not lose the twelve o'clock train. I should be most thankful if you could get me there in time, and will gladly pay you an extra fare."

"I'll do my very best," said Jerry heartily, "if you think you are well enough, sir," for he looked dreadfully white and ill.

"I *must* go," he said earnestly. "Please to open the door, and let us lose no time."

The next minute Jerry was on the box, with a cheery chirrup to me, and a twitch of the rein that I well understood.

"Now, then, Jack, my boy," said he, "spin along; we'll show them how we can get over the ground, if we only know why."

It is always difficult to drive fast in the city in the middle of the day, when the streets are full of traffic; but we did what could be done. When a good driver and a good horse, who understand each other, are of one mind, it is wonderful what they can do. I had a very good mouth; that is, I could be guided by the slightest touch of the rein, and that is a great thing in London, among carriages, omnibuses, carts, vans, trucks, cabs, and great wagons creeping along at a walking-pace.

You have to be ready for any chance — to dash forward if there is an opening, and be quick as a rat-dog to see if there is room and if there is time, lest you get your own wheels locked or smashed, or the shaft of some vehicle run into your chest or shoulder. If you want to get through London fast in the middle of the day, you need a deal of practice.

Jerry and I were used to it, and no one could beat us at getting through when we were set upon it. I was quick and bold, and could always trust my driver. Jerry was quick, and patient at the same time, and could trust his horse, which was a great thing, too. He very seldom used the whip. I knew by his voice and his click-

click when he wanted to get on fast, and by the rein where I was to go; so there was no need for whipping. But I must go back to my story.

The streets were full that day; but we got on pretty well as far as the bottom of Cheapside, where there was a block for three or four minutes. The young man put his head out, and said anxiously, "I think I had better get out and walk. I shall never get there if this goes on."

"I'll do all that can be done, sir," said Jerry. "I think we shall be in time. This block cannot last much longer, and your luggage is very heavy for you to carry, sir."

Just then the cart in front of us began to move on, and then we had a good turn. In and out, in and out, we went, as fast as horseflesh could do it; and for a wonder we had a good clear time on London Bridge, for there was a whole train of cabs and carriages, all going our way at a quick trot, perhaps wanting to catch that very train. At any rate, we whirled into the station with many more, just as the great clock pointed to eight minutes to twelve o'clock.

"Thank God! We are in time," said the young man, "and thank you too, my friend, and your good horse. You have saved me more than money can ever pay for. Take this extra half crown."

"No, sir; no! Thank you all the same. So glad we hit the time, sir; but don't stay now, sir. The bell is ringing. Here, porter! Take this gentleman's lug-

gage — Dover Line — twelve o'clock train — that's it." Without waiting for another word, Jerry wheeled me round to make room for other cabs that were dashing up at the last minute.

On Jerry's return to the rank, there was a good deal of laughing and chaffing at him for driving hard to the train for an extra fare, as they said, all against his principles; and they wanted to know how much he had pocketed.

"A good deal more than I generally get," said he, nodding slyly. "What he gave me will keep me in little comforts for several days."

"Gammon!" said one.

"He's a humbug," said another. "Preaching to us, and then doing the same himself."

"Look here, mates!" said Jerry. "The gentleman offered me half a crown extra, but I didn't take it. 'Twas quite pay enough for me to see how glad he was to catch that train; and if Jack and I choose to have a quick run now and then to please ourselves, that's our business and not yours."

"Well," said Larry, "*you'll* never be a rich man."

"Most likely not," said Jerry; "but I don't know that I shall be the less happy for that. I have heard the Commandments read a great many times, and I never noticed that any of them said, 'Thou shalt be rich.'"

"If you ever do get rich," said Governor Gray, looking over his shoulder across the top of his cab, "you'll deserve it, Jerry; and you won't find a curse with your

wealth. As for you, Larry, you'll die poor. You spend too much in whipcord."

"Well," said Larry, "what is a fellow to do if his horse won't go without it?"

"You never take the trouble to see if he will go without it. Your whip is always going as if you had the St. Vitus' dance in your arms; and if it does not wear you out, it wears your horse out. You know you are always changing your horses — and why? Because you never give them any peace or encouragement."

"Well, I have not had good luck," said Larry. "That's where it is."

"And you never will," said the Governor. "Good Luck is rather particular whom she rides with, and she mostly prefers those who have common sense and a good heart; at least, that is my experience."

Then Governor Gray turned round again to his newspaper, and the other men went to their cabs.

ANNA SEWELL

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

RIDING A CAMEL

How many of you have ever had a ride on the back of a camel? Not many, I am sure. You have not missed much in the way of comfort, for it is a very disagreeable experience to any one who is not used to such a motion.

In the first place, the driver orders the camel to kneel, for when he is standing, his back is so high that you could not get into the saddle without a ladder. When the animal is down on the ground, the driver stands by his head to keep him quiet while you climb into the saddle. This saddle is not like the saddle of a horse, but is something like a dish, in which you sit with your feet hanging over the side.

When you are well placed and ready to hold on with all your might, the driver tells the beast to get up. He makes three distinct motions before he regains his feet; first a backward plunge, then a forward one, and then another one backward. If you look at a camel when he is getting up, you will find that he rises first on the knees of his fore legs, then on his hind feet, and lastly on his fore feet.

When he is up and starts off, you begin to understand that riding a camel is not the best fun in the world. The motion throws the rider backward and forward at every step, and in a little while he begins to feel as if he were

being shaken to pieces. When the camel trots or runs, the motion is far worse than a walking gait.

After the first day's traveling on the back of a camel, you feel as if you had been pretty thoroughly beaten, and you will not lose this feeling for a week. By the end of a fortnight, however, one thinks no more of mounting a camel than of getting on the back of a horse.

Suppose we are mounted and off on a ride across the desert. If we have a driver, he walks ahead, leading the camel by a rope; but if we manage alone, we hold the rope in our own hands. Our steed is usually obedient and patient, but he sometimes becomes vicious, and he may run away. It takes a long time to become really acquainted with a camel, and to feel that you can fully trust him.

Looking out over the desert, we see not a blade of grass;

everything is bare. The ground beneath us is yellow with sand. The level space farther away is of a deeper yellow; and the hills and mountains are of the same color, with here and there a patch of dull red. All day long the view is the same. There is no shade, no life, anywhere; nothing but yellow sand.

We are told that we must travel three or four days before reaching water, and that when found it will be in only a few pools and springs, and scarcely fit for drinking. Later in the day, as we look ahead, we see a beautiful lake. Its banks are lined with trees, and on the shore, perhaps, is a village wherein we may find shelter and rest.

We point to the lake, and our driver smiles. He has seen the same thing before, and knows what it is. It is not a lake, but a mirage. As we ride towards it, the waters vanish, the trees melt away, and the village is no longer seen. In a little while we are riding over the spot where the lake seemed to be.

You will find that a camel is never deceived by a mirage. He will scent water a long distance, and go straight towards it; but he never takes any notice of a mirage.

THOMAS W. KNOX

THE RANCHMAN'S RIDE

Hurrah for a ride on the prairies free,
On a fiery untamed steed,
Where the curlews fly and the coyotes cry
And a fragrant breeze goes whispering by;
Hurrah! and away with speed.

We are off and away, like a flash of light
As swift as the shooting star;
As an arrow flies towards its distant prize,
On, on we whirl toward the shimmering skies;
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

As free as a bird o'er billowy sea
We skim the flowered Divide,
Like sea mews strong we fly along,
While the earth resounds with galloping song,
As we plunge through the fragrant tide.

Avaunt with your rides in crowded towns!
Give me the prairies free,
Where the curlews fly and the coyotes cry,
And the heart expands 'neath the azure sky;
Ah! that's the ride for me.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN

THE APPLE OF DISCORD AND THE MISCHIEF THAT IT WROUGHT

I

The Apple of Discord

Long ago in the ancient city of Troy a little prince was born. He was fair of face and kingly of form, but he was destined to be the ruin of his people.

It had been foretold in a dream that this child should be a flaming torch to set Troy on fire. Accordingly King Priam, fearing for the safety of his people, thought it was his duty to have his little son put to death. He commanded that a shepherd should carry the child to a lonely mountain side and leave him there. The king was very sad, because he loved his son and grieved to do him harm.

The shepherd obeyed the king unwillingly, and then returned to his home, heavy at heart, thinking all the time of the helpless baby whom he had left alone on the mountain. At last he could bear the thought no longer and he hastened back. To his joy, he found the little prince still alive, so he carried him home in secret and kept him there as his own child.

Paris, as the boy was named, grew up with the shepherd lads, not knowing that he was a king's son. He became tall and straight, and so beautiful that his fame

THE GODDESS OF DISCORD !

spread abroad. So he tended sheep on the mountain side while the time drew near when the prophecy was to be fulfilled.

Now it happened that the king of a far-off country was to wed a fair sea-nymph, Thetis. Kings and princes were bidden to the wedding feast, and even the great gods came to do honor to Thetis.

Upon a high throne at the head of the hall sat mighty Jupiter, and near him was proud Juno, his wife. There also were the shining sun god and his sister, the silver-footed moon goddess. Athena, the goddess of wisdom, came too, and Venus, the goddess of beauty, and many others.

In the midst of the merry making, there entered suddenly an unbidden guest — the goddess of discord. Before any one had time to cry, "Beware!" she had cast a golden apple upon the table and had disappeared. Swift-footed Mercury seized the apple and read aloud the message it bore: For the Fairest.

Not even Discord herself could have wished for greater results from her evil deed. At once strife arose in the hall of feasting, for each goddess thought that she deserved the apple. Most eager of all were Juno, Athena, and Venus; before them, mortal maidens and lesser goddesses wisely became silent.

Among these three, the quarrel rose higher and higher, until Jupiter commanded that a judge should decide the question once and for all, and let them have peace. As he was unwilling to give the decision himself, he an-

nounced that he would appoint a judge who should declare which goddess was the fairest.

Forthwith he sent Juno, Athena, and Venus to a certain mountain side. "There," he said, "you will find a fair young shepherd tending the flocks. He shall decide to whom the apple belongs."

The three goddesses soon came to the mountain where Paris tended his sheep, and handing him the golden apple, asked on whom he would bestow it. The youth gazed upon them in wonder, quite unable to say which one was the most beautiful.

Each goddess in turn tried to win his favor by the offer of gifts. First Juno spoke, tempting him with the promise of a mighty empire and great wealth. Athena offered him glory and victory in war, and wisdom which should make him worthy of all honor. But Venus smiled upon him and whispered that if he awarded the apple to her, she would give him the fairest woman in the world for his wife.

At her words, Paris forgot the longing for wealth and power that Juno's offer had aroused in him. He forgot his desire for victory. To Venus he gave the golden apple. He little knew that his choice meant ruin for his country, and for thousands of happy men and women.

Juno and Athena departed with hearts full of wrath. But Venus smiled upon Paris and told him to bide his time until her promise should be fulfilled.

From that day Paris was restless and discontented.

He no longer cared to tend his flocks upon the mountain, or to strive with the other young shepherds in the foot-race and wrestling match. He left his mountain home one morning and went down to the city of Troy. On that day it chanced that great games were being held there, and Paris, taking part in the sports, put to shame all the other young men.

King Priam, watching this splendid youth, asked whence he came; but no one knew. At length the old shepherd stepped forth from among the spectators and told the king that Paris was really the prince who had been left on the mountain side to die. Thereupon Priam received his lost son joyfully, giving no thought to the prophecy that he should be the ruin of their city.

Paris came to dwell in the king's palace and returned no more to the shepherd's home. Honors were given him; riches and power were at his command. Yet he never forgot the promise of Venus nor ceased to long for its fulfillment.

II

The Beautiful Helen

In those days the city of Sparta in Greece was ruled by Menelaus, a great king and a brave warrior. He was married to Helen, whose wonderful beauty had drawn suitors from every land to her father's court.

The father of Helen was a wise man. When he saw kings and princes coming from afar to seek his daughter

in marriage, he knew that only one of them could be made happy, and he did not wish the others to become his enemies. Therefore, before he chose a husband for Helen, he made all the suitors take oath to abide by his decision. They also pledged themselves to help or protect her if ever they were needed. So Helen was wed to Menelaus, and the disappointed suitors went home, vowing to come to her defense whenever they should be called.

Years went by, and at length Paris was sent by his father, King Priam of Troy, on a mission to Greece. He came to Sparta and was received with great kindness by Menelaus. And when he looked upon the face of Helen, Venus whispered to him that this was the woman she had promised him for a wife.

Then Paris did a wicked thing. While Menelaus was away at war, he stole the beautiful Helen and departed in his ships for Troy.

When Menelaus returned and learned what had happened, he was filled with grief and rage. He at once sent messengers to Priam and demanded that Helen should be sent back to him. This the king of Troy refused to do.

Then Menelaus vowed to make war upon Troy and bring it to the dust. He called the kings of Greece to come to his aid. Remembering the promises of Helen's suitors, he bade these mighty warriors now fulfill their vows to defend her.

III

Ulysses

One of the greatest of the suitors who had bound themselves to Helen's defense was Ulysses. This noble king was famed alike for his brave deeds and for his wisdom, and now for many years he had ruled his island home in peace. He had a fair young wife and a little son whom he loved dearly. When the message came from Menelaus, asking his help in the rescue of Helen, he was unwilling to go.

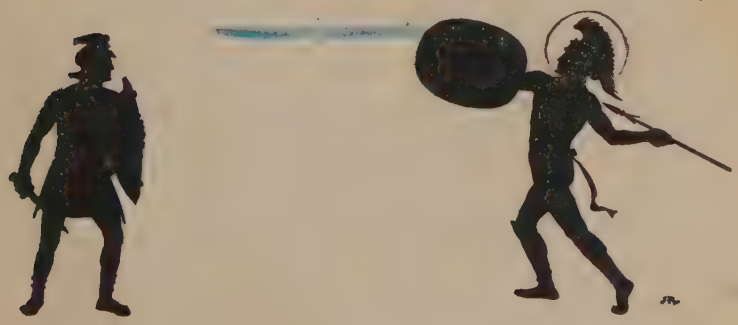
It seemed to him a wild and foolish undertaking. It had been prophesied that if he went on this journey he should not return to his home for twenty years. He thought of the pain and trouble and warlike work of those twenty years, and returned no answer to the message of Menelaus.

But the leaders of the Greeks were not willing to lose so good a warrior. When they received no reply to their bidding, Menelaus and some of his companions set out to journey to the land of Ulysses and find out the reason.

Ulysses, hearing that they had come, determined to trick them by pretending that he was out of his mind. He put on his richest garments, yoked an ox and a colt to his plow, and went out into his fields. As he plowed, he scattered salt into the furrows, pretending that he thought it was seed.

But for once there was some one more clever than he. One of the followers of Menelaus suspected that Ulysses was playing a trick upon them, and decided to find out whether he was really mad or not. Just as the plow came opposite to him, the man suddenly took the baby son of Ulysses from the arms of the nurse and placed him on the ground directly in front of the ox. The sight of his son's danger made Ulysses forget his acting. He turned the plow aside and sprang forward to save his child. So Menelaus and his companions knew that the madness of Ulysses was a trick.

After this, Ulysses could no longer find any excuse for remaining at home. But though he had been unwilling to set out upon this war, he proved one of the greatest of its heroes. Indeed, it was not very long after this that he was able to do the Greeks a great service.



IV

The Godlike Achilles

One of the fairest of the Greek youths was Achilles, the son of the king and the sea-nymph at whose wedding the apple of discord had fallen. His godlike beauty was like that of Thetis, his mother, and he had the warlike strength of his kingly father. He was trained with the greatest care in all manly exercises, and showed greater strength and valor than any other youths of the land.

When Helen was stolen away and all Greece rose in arms to rescue her, Thetis was sad at heart. Jupiter himself had told her that if Achilles went to this war, he would never return alive. Thetis knew well that this was true. She herself was immortal because she was a sea-nymph and belonged to the race of the gods; but Achilles was in part mortal.

When he was a baby, his mother had desired to make him immortal. So she had carried him to the river under the world and had bathed him there. The water of this river had such power that whatever it touched was safe from any mortal harm forever.

All the world knew that Achilles had been bathed in this stream and they believed him immortal. But Thetis knew that there was one tiny spot upon his heel which had not been touched by the water. It was the place where she had held him when she dipped him into

the stream. She had forgotten to bathe it until she had returned to the world once more, and it was then too late. This one spot upon his heel, she knew, would cause his death.

Before the first clash of arms sounded throughout Greece, Thetis had hurried Achilles away to an island across the sea. There she hid him, dressed as a girl, among the daughters of the king of that island.

Now a certain wise man had told the Greek leaders that their war would not be successful unless the youthful Achilles accompanied them to Troy. The leaders, therefore, sought Achilles at his father's court; but he was not to be found. Ulysses then undertook to discover where the youth was hidden.

At length in some way he found out what Thetis had done, and straightway he set out for the island. The boy was so well disguised that no one could have guessed that he was not a girl, but Ulysses devised a plan to discover him.

Dressing himself as a traveling merchant with trinkets for sale, he gained entrance to the king's garden where the maidens were playing. They all examined his wares eagerly, except one tall maiden who seemed to care little for them. Ulysses noted her keenly and determined to test her further. Bringing out from his pack some splendid pieces of armor, he held them up in the sunlight. At once the tall maiden came forward and handled the shining arms with delight.

Ulysses was now certain that this was the youth whom he sought. He made known his errand and called upon Achilles to join the Greeks in their war against the Trojans. The boy, weary of his soft and easy life, joyfully agreed to accompany them.

He returned at once to his father's court to make ready. His mother, telling him of Jupiter's prophecy, tearfully begged him to remain at home, but Achilles could not be moved. He girded on his shining armor and prepared himself for battle. Calling to him his father's trusted warriors, he bade them make ready to go with him. They answered his summons with glad hearts, for they were proud to accompany this youth who was destined to perform mighty deeds.

But Thetis watched them depart in their great ships with a heavy heart. She knew that never again should she behold her godlike son.

V

The Trojan War

For ten long years the cruel war was waged outside the walls of Troy. Greeks and Trojans both fought bravely, but neither side could gain the victory. The strong walls of Troy stood firm. Try as they might, the Greeks could not break them down. And always Juno and Athena, in their anger against Paris, lent their aid to the Greeks, while Venus helped the Trojans.

In the tenth year of the war, Achilles performed such brave deeds that all the Greeks thought the Trojans must surely give up. And then one day when he was close to the gates of Troy, a poisoned arrow, shot by Paris, hit him on the only spot where he could be wounded — his heel; and the brave Greek fell lifeless.

So at length it seemed as if the Greeks would have to sail away without recovering Helen and restoring her to Menelaus. Perhaps they might, indeed, have failed, if it had not been for the cleverness of Ulysses.

At his orders, a great number of planks and boards were brought together on the plain outside the city. Then skillful builders were summoned to make a huge, hollow, wooden horse.

When the horse was finished, the Greeks broke up their camp and made ready to depart. It looked as if they had despaired of capturing Troy and were at last returning to Greece. In the early morning their ships sailed quietly out of the harbor and disappeared beyond a distant island. The shore was deserted. Upon the wide plain of Troy, nothing was to be seen of the hated foes, except the wooden horse.

From the walls the Trojans joyfully watched their enemies departing. Through the opened gates, the people poured out in throngs. They wandered over the plain where the Greeks had camped, and looked with curiosity upon the great horse. They wondered why the Greeks had left this strange thing, and questioned what should

be done with it. Some cried out that it must be burned, in order that nothing of the Greeks should remain in their land.

"Throw it into the sea," said one man. "Chop it open to see if there's anything inside," advised another, wisely. But the loudest cries were the shouts of those who wished to drag the horse into the city and keep it as a token of their victory.

In the midst of this tumult, a group of men appeared, dragging along a young Greek. Trembling with fear, he was brought before King Priam and there told this story.

The Greeks, he said, had long wearied of the war and desired to return to their homes. But from time to time storms and other misfortunes had hindered them. At length they had decided that a life must be sacrificed if they were to make peace with their gods. He had been the one chosen as the sacrifice, but he had been able to escape and had lain hidden until the Greeks had departed. Now he begged King Priam to spare his life and to let him become one of the Trojan people.

The king, after promising the youth that he should be safe in Troy, asked him why the Greeks had left this strange horse upon their plain. The young Greek explained that the horse was an offering to the goddess Athena, whom the Greeks had angered. It had been made very large and high, he said, in order that the Trojans might not be able to drag it within the walls of their city.

Then once more the cry arose: "Bring the horse into the city! Bring the wooden horse to the temple!"

But Laocoön, a priest of Neptune, stood out against this plan. "What madness, Trojans!" he exclaimed. "Have you not already seen enough of the deceit of the Greeks?" Saying this, he seized his spear and hurled it at the side of the great horse. It pierced the wood and, as if in answer, there arose from within a sound like the murmur of voices and the clash of arms.

Then suddenly, as the Trojans looked on in amazement, two great serpents rose from the sea. They fell upon Laocoön and his two sons, who stood beside him, and coiling about them, crushed them to death.

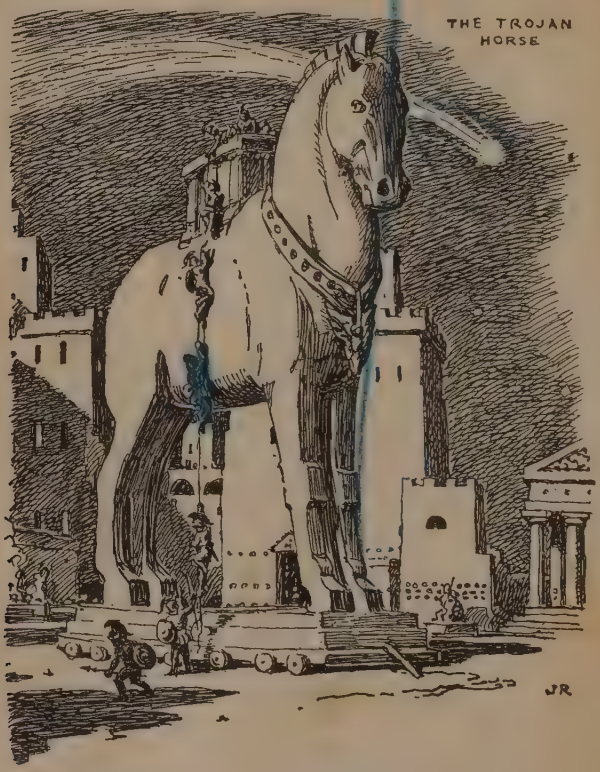
This horrible sight was enough to convince the Trojans that the gods were displeased at the words of Laocoön. They cried out that surely the horse was sacred to the gods and must be taken to their temple and treated with all honor.

With a rush, the Trojans made a great opening in the walls. They tied ropes about the animal's legs and fixed rollers to its feet. With songs of joy, they dragged it into the city.

But the Greek youth looked on with scorn hidden in his heart. He saw the great hole in the walls of Troy and smiled. The Greek plan was working even better than he had hoped. The art of Ulysses was doing what ten years of war had failed to do.

Throughout the city there was feasting and rejoicing,

until in the late hours of night the Trojan warriors fell into deep sleep. Then the young Greek crept up to the wooden horse, as Ulysses had bidden him, and



released the band of brave Greeks who were hidden inside it.

Meantime, under cover of darkness, the Greek ships had slipped back from behind the island where they had been hidden, and had landed the warriors again on the

shore. In answer to a signal fire from their countrymen within the city, the whole Greek army came pouring in through the hole in the walls and through the gates.

The Trojans fought bravely, but it was in vain. Fires were soon blazing in every direction, and it was not long before Troy was in ashes.

So ended the great Trojan War that began with an apple of discord and brought about the ruin of a nation.

A Greek Story

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

WINTER

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light
The blue wood-louse and the plump dormouse,
And the bees are stilled, and the flies are killed,
And you bite far into the heart of the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS

When my sister Patty was six years old and I was eight, we had a book full of beautiful pictures. Patty and I had our favorites, but of all the pictures we both liked Old Father Christmas best. We had never seen anything like him, though now-a-days you may get a plaster figure of him in any toy shop at Christmas time, with hair and beard like cotton wool, and a Christmas tree in his hand.

The custom of Christmas trees came from Germany. I can remember when they were first introduced into England, and what wonderful things we thought them.

Well, when I was eight years old, I had not seen a Christmas tree, and the first picture of one I ever saw was the picture of a tree held by Old Father Christmas in my picture book.

"What are those things on the tree?" I asked.

"Candles," said my father.

"No, Father, not the candles; the other things."

"These are toys, my son."

"Are they ever taken off?"

"Yes, they are taken off and given to the children who stand round the tree."

Patty and I grasped each other by the hand, and with one voice murmured, "How kind of Old Father Christmas!"

By and by I asked, "How old is Father Christmas?"

My father laughed and said, "One thousand eight hundred and thirty years, child."

"He looks very old," whispered Patty.

The weeks went by, and still the picture book kept all its charm for Patty and me; and we pondered on and loved Old Father Christmas.

Christmas week came; Christmas Eve came. My father and mother were busy in the parlor, and Patty and I were not allowed to go in. We went into the kitchen, but even here was no place of rest for us. Kitty was "all over the place," and cakes, mince pies, and puddings were with her. As she justly observed, "There was no place there for children and books to sit with their toes in the fire, when a body wanted to be at the oven all along. The cat was enough for *her* temper," she added.

Patty and I were hardy children, and accustomed to run out in all weathers, without much extra wrapping up. We put Kitty's shawl over our two heads, and went outside. We ran across the little yard and looked over the wall at the end to see if we could see anything or anybody.

The only gay things to be seen were the berries on the holly hedge in the little lane, and the fat robin that was staring at me. I was looking at the robin, when Patty, who had been peering out of her corner of Kitty's shawl, gave a great jump and cried, "Look!"

I looked. An old man was coming along the lane. His hair and beard were as white as cotton wool. He had a face like the sort of apple that keeps well in winter; his coat was old and brown. There was snow about him in patches, and he carried a small fir tree.

With one breath we exclaimed, "It's Old Father Christmas!"

I know now that it was only an old man of the place, with whom we did not happen to be acquainted, and that he was taking a little fir tree up to the Hall, to be made into a Christmas tree. He was a very good humored old fellow, and rather deaf, for which he made up by smiling and nodding his head a good deal, and saying, "Aye, aye, to be sure!" at likely intervals.

As he passed us and met our earnest gaze, he smiled and nodded so affably that I was bold enough to cry, "Good evening, Father Christmas."

"Same to you," said he, in a high-pitched voice.

"Then you *are* Father Christmas," said Patty.

"And a happy New Year," was Father Christmas's reply, which rather put me out. But he smiled in such a satisfactory manner that Patty went on, "You're very old, aren't you?"

"So I be, miss, so I be," said Father Christmas.

"Father says you're eighteen hundred and thirty years old," I muttered.

"Aye, aye, to be sure," said Father Christmas. "I'm a long age."

"A *very* long age," thought I.

After a pause he held up the tree and cried, "Do you know what this is, little miss?"

"A Christmas tree," said Patty, and the old man smiled and nodded.

I leaned over the wall and shouted, "But there are no candles."

"By and by," said Father Christmas, nodding as before. "When it's dark, they'll all be lighted up. That'll be a fine sight."

"Toys too, there'll be, won't there?" said Patty.

Father Christmas nodded his head. "And sweeties," he added.

I could feel Patty trembling, and my own heart beat fast. The thought which agitated us both was this: "Was Father Christmas bringing the tree to us?" But anxiety, and some modesty also, kept us from asking outright.

Only when the old man shouldered his tree and prepared to move on, I cried in despair, "Oh, are you going?"

"I'm coming back by and by," said he.

"How soon?" cried Patty.

"About four o'clock," said the old man. "I'm only going up yonder." And nodding and smiling as he went, he passed away along the lane.

"Up yonder," — this puzzled us. Father Christmas had pointed, but so indefinitely that he might have

been pointing to the sky, or the fields, or the little wood at the end of the Squire's grounds.

I thought the latter, and suggested to Patty that perhaps he had some place underground, like Aladdin's

"A CHRISTMAS TREE!"

cave, where he got the candles and all the pretty things for the tree. This idea pleased us both, and we amused ourselves by wondering what Old Father Christmas would choose for us from his stores in

the wonderful hole where he dressed his Christmas trees.

"I wonder, Patty," said I, "why there's no picture of Father Christmas's dog in the book." For at the old man's heels in the lane there crept a little brown and white spaniel, looking very dirty in the snow.

"Perhaps it's a new dog that he's got to take care of his cave," said Patty.

When we went indoors, we examined the picture afresh by the dim light from the window, but there was no dog there.

My father passed us at this moment, and patted my head. "Father," said I, "I don't know, but I think Old Father Christmas is going to bring us a Christmas tree to-night."

"Who's been telling you that?" said my father. But he passed on before I could explain that we had seen Father Christmas himself, and had his word for it that he would return at four o'clock, and that the candles on his tree would be lighted as soon as it was dark.

We hovered on the outskirts of the rooms till four o'clock came. We sat on the stairs and watched the big clock, which I was just learning to read; and Patty made herself giddy with constantly looking up and counting the four strokes, towards which the hour hand slowly moved. We put our noses into the kitchen now and then, to smell the cakes and get warm.

We hung about the parlor door too, and were most

unjustly accused of trying to peep. What did we care what our mother was doing in the parlor? — we, who had seen Old Father Christmas himself, and were expecting him back again every moment.

At last the church clock struck. The sounds boomed heavily through the frost, and Patty thought there were four of them. Then our own clock struck, and we counted the strokes quite clearly — one! two! three! four! We got Kitty's shawl once more and stole out into the backyard. We ran to our old place, but could see nothing.

"We'd better get up on the wall," I said; and with some difficulty and distress from rubbing her knees against the cold stones, and getting the snow up her sleeves, Patty got on to the little wall. I was just struggling after her, when something warm and something cold, coming suddenly against my legs, made me shriek with fright.

I came down "with a run," and bruised my knees, my elbows, and my chin; and the snow that hadn't gone up Patty's sleeves, went down my neck. Then I found that the cold thing was a dog's nose and the warm thing was his tongue. Patty cried from her post of observation, "It's Father Christmas's dog, and he's licking your legs."

"Bow, wow," said the dog.

I pulled Patty down, and the dog tried to pull me down; but when my little sister was on her feet, to my relief, he transferred his attentions to her. When he had

jumped at her and licked her several times, he turned and ran away.

"He's gone," said I. "I'm so glad." But even as I spoke, he was back again, crouching at Patty's feet.

Now Patty was very fond of animals, and when the dog looked at her, she looked at the dog, and then she said to me, "He wants us to go with him."

On which (as if he understood our language, though we were ignorant of his), the spaniel sprang away and went off as hard as he could. Patty and I went after him, a dim hope crossing my mind — "Perhaps Father Christmas has sent him for us."

This idea was rather favored by the fact that the dog led us up the lane. Only a little way; then he stopped beside something lying in the ditch — and once more we cried in the same breath, "It's Old Father Christmas!"

The old man had slipped upon a bit of ice and lay stunned in the snow.

Patty began to cry. "I think he's dead," she sobbed.

"He is so very old, I don't wonder," I murmured; "but perhaps he's not. I'll fetch Father."

My father and Kitty were soon on the spot. Kitty was as strong as a man; and they carried Father Christmas between them into the kitchen. There he quickly revived.

We felt sadly anxious about the tree. Otherwise we could have wished for no better treat than to sit at Kitty's round table taking tea with Father Christmas.

Our usual fare of thick bread and treacle was to-night exchanged for a delicious variety of cakes, which were none the worse to us for being "tasters and wasters" — that is, little bits of dough put in to try the state of the oven, and certain cakes that had become broken or burned in the baking.

Well, there we sat, helping Old Father Christmas to tea and cake, and wondering in our hearts what could have become of the tree. But you see, when I was a child, parents were stricter than they are now. In my young days it was, "Little boys should be seen but not heard" (as a rule of conduct in company), or "Don't ask for what you want, but take what's given you, and be thankful."

So you see, Patty and I felt a delicacy in asking Old Father Christmas about the tree. It was not until we had had tea three times round, with tasters and wasters to match, that Patty said very gently, "It's quite dark now." And then she heaved a deep sigh.

Burning anxiety overcame me. I leaned towards Father Christmas and said, "I suppose the candles are on the tree now?"

"Just about putting of 'em on," said Father Christmas.

"And the presents, too?" said Patty.

"Aye, aye, to be sure," said Father Christmas, and he smiled delightfully.

I was thinking what other questions I might ask, when

my father put his head into the kitchen and made this remarkable statement: "Old Father Christmas has sent a tree to the young people."

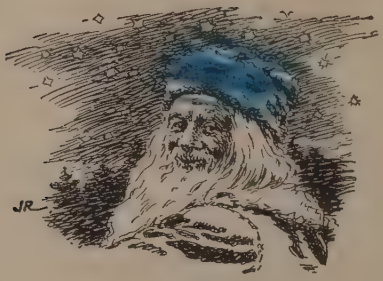
Patty and I uttered a cry of delight, and danced around the old man, saying, "Oh, how nice! Oh, how kind of you!" I think it must have bewildered him, but he only smiled and nodded.

"Come along," said my father. "Come, children. Come, Kitty."

He went into the parlor, and we all followed him.

When the door was thrown open, and the tree, with lighted tapers on all the branches, burst upon our view, the blaze was dazzling. It threw such a glory round the little gifts as I shall never forget. We all got something; and Patty and I, at any rate, believed that the things came from the stores of Old Father Christmas.

JULIANA H. EWING



MERRY CHRISTMAS

NEPHEW: A Merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!

SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug!

NEPHEW: Christmas a humbug, Uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure.

SCROOGE: I do. Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

NEPHEW: (*laughing*) Come then! What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.

SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug!

NEPHEW: Don't be cross, Uncle.

SCROOGE: What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer. If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly run through his heart. He should!

NEPHEW: Uncle!

SCROOGE: Nephew! Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

NEPHEW: Keep it! But you don't keep it.

SCROOGE: Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!

NEPHEW: There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!

CHARLES DICKENS (*Adapted*)

Oh, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!

SIR WALTER SCOTT

MISS ALCOTT'S STORY OF HER CHILDHOOD[1]

One of my earliest recollections is of playing with books in my father's study, — building houses and bridges of the big dictionaries and diaries, looking at pictures, pretending to read, and scribbling on blank pages whenever pen or pencil could be found. Many of these first attempts at authorship still remain in copies of Bacon's *Essays*, Plutarch's *Lives*, and other works of a serious nature, my infant taste being for solid literature, apparently.

[1] Copyrighted by Little, Brown, and Co.

On one occasion we built a high tower around baby Lizzie as she sat playing with her toys on the floor, and being attracted by something out-of-doors, forgot our little prisoner. A search was made, and patient baby was at last discovered curled up and fast asleep in her dungeon cell, out of which she emerged so rosy and smiling after her nap that we were forgiven for our carelessness.

Another memory is of my fourth birthday, which was celebrated at my father's schoolroom in Masonic Temple. All the children were there. I wore a crown of flowers, and stood upon a table to dispense cakes to each child as the procession marched past. By some oversight, the cakes fell short, and I saw that if I gave away the last one, I should have none.

As I was queen of the revel, I felt that I ought to have it, and held on to it tightly till my mother said, "It is always better to give away than to keep the nice things, so I know my Louy will not let the little friend go without."

The little friend received the dear plummy cake, and I a kiss and my first lesson in the sweetness of self-denial, — a lesson which my dear mother beautifully illustrated all her long and noble life.

Running away was one of the delights of my early days; and I still enjoy sudden flights out of the nest to look about this very interesting world, and then go back to report.

On one of these occasions I passed a varied day with some children who shared their cold potatoes, salt fish, and crusts with me, as we revelled in the ash heaps which then adorned the waste lands. A trip to the Common cheered the afternoon, but as dusk set in and my friends deserted me, I felt that home was a nice place after all, and tried to find it.

I dimly remember watching a lamp-lighter as I sat to rest on some doorsteps in Bedford Street. A big dog welcomed me so kindly that I fell asleep with my head pillowed on his curly back, and was found there by the towncrier, whom my distracted parents had sent in search of me. His bell and proclamation of the loss of "a little girl, six years old, in a pink frock, white hat, and new green shoes," woke me up, and a small voice answered out of the darkness, "Why, dat's me!"

Being with difficulty torn from my four-footed friend, I was carried to the crier's house, and there feasted on bread-and-molasses in a tin plate with the alphabet around it. But my fun ended next day when I was tied to the arm of the sofa to repent at leisure.

I never went to school except to my father or such governesses as from time to time came into the family. Schools then were not what they are now; so we had lessons each morning in the study, and very happy hours they were to us. I never liked arithmetic or grammar, and dodged those branches on all occasions; but read-

ing, writing, composition, history, and geography I enjoyed, as well as the stories read to us by my father.

Pilgrim's Progress, Miss Edgeworth, and the best of the dear old fairy tales made the reading hour the pleasantest of our day. On Sundays we had a service of Bible stories, hymns, and conversation about the conduct of our childish lives which will never be forgotten.

Walks each morning around the Common while in the city, and long tramps over hill and dale when our home was in the country, were a part of our education, as well as every sort of housework.

Needle-work began early, and at ten my skillful sister made a linen shirt beautifully, while at twelve I set up as a doll's dressmaker, with my sign out and wonderful models in my window. All the children employed me, and my turbans were the rage at one time, to the great dismay of the neighbors' hens, who were hotly hunted down, that I might tweak out their downiest feathers to adorn the dolls' headgear.

Active exercise was my delight, from the time when a child of six I drove my hoop around the Common without stopping, to the days when I did my twenty miles in five hours and went to a party in the evening.

I always thought I must have been a deer or a horse in some former state, because it was such a joy to run. No boy could be my friend till I had beaten him in a race, and no girl if she refused to climb trees, leap fences, and be a tomboy.

My wise mother, anxious to give me a strong body to support a lively brain, turned me loose in the country and let me run wild, learning of Nature what no books can teach. I remember running over the hills just at dawn one summer morning; and pausing to rest in the silent woods, I saw the sun rise over river, hill, and wide green meadows, as I had never seen it before.

Those Concord days were the happiest of my life, for we had charming playmates in the little Emersons, Channings, Hawthornes, and Goodwins, with the illustrious parents and their friends to enjoy our pranks and share our excursions.

Plays in the barn were a favorite amusement, and we dramatized the fairy tales in great style. Our giant came tumbling off a loft when Jack cut down the squash-vine, which ran up a ladder to represent the immortal bean. Cinderella rolled away in a vast pumpkin, and a long black pudding was lowered by invisible hands to fasten itself on the nose of the woman who wasted her three wishes.

Once we carried our dinner to a starving family; and once lent our whole dinner to a neighbor suddenly taken unprepared by guests. Another time, one snowy Saturday night, when our wood was very low, a poor child came to beg a little, as the baby was sick and the father away from home. My mother hesitated at first, as we also had a baby. Very cold weather was upon us, and a Sunday to be got through before more wood could be had.

My father said, "Give half our stock, and trust in Providence. The weather will moderate, or wood will come."

Mother laughed, and answered in her cheery way, "Well, their need is greater than ours, and if our half gives out we can go to bed and tell stories." So a generous half went to the poor neighbor.

A little later in the evening, while the storm still raged and we were about to cover our fire to keep it, a knock came. A farmer who usually supplied us appeared, saying anxiously, "I started for Boston with a load of wood, but it drifts so I want to go home. Wouldn't you like to have me drop the wood here? It would accommodate me, and you needn't hurry about paying for it."

"Yes," said Father; and as the man went off, he turned to Mother, saying, "Didn't I tell you wood would come if the weather did not moderate?"

Louisa May Alcott

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD

THE GRAPEVINE SWING

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long slim loop I'd spring,
With brown feet bare, and a hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out — o'er the water-lilies, bonny and bright,
Back to the moss-grown trees;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wing,
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing —
Oh, to be a boy
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND THE AFRICAN CHIEF

During his march to conquer the world, Alexander the Great came to a people in Africa who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner, in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their chief, who received him hospitably, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold.

"Do you eat gold in this country?" said Alexander.

"I take it for granted," replied the chief, "that thou wert able to find eatable food in thine own country. For what reason, then, art thou come amongst us?"

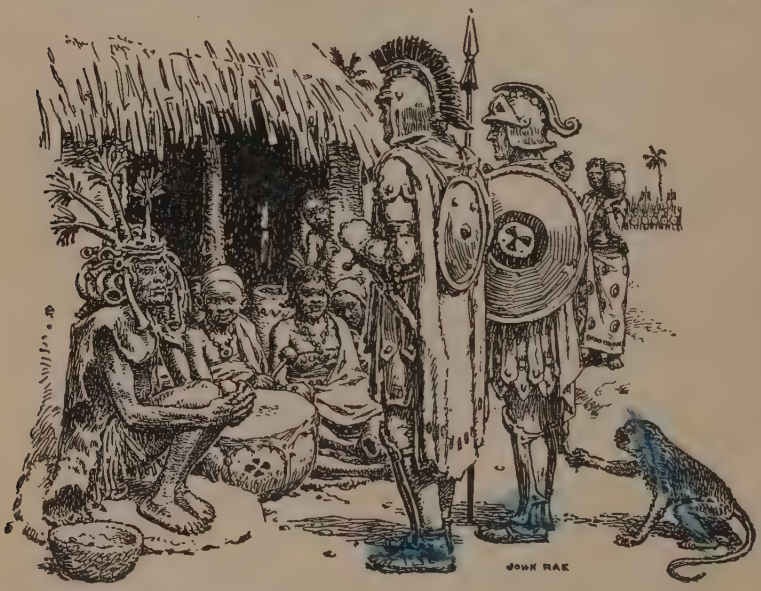
"Your gold has not tempted me hither," said Alexander, "but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners and customs."

"So be it," rejoined the other; "sojourn among us as long as it pleases thee."

At the close of this conversation two citizens entered, and bowing low before the chief, the first man said, "I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it, I found a treasure. This is not

mine, for I bargained only for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it."

The second man answered, "I hope I have a conscience as well as my fellow citizen. I sold him the land with all



it might bring forth, and consequently the treasure was included."

The chief, who was at the same time their supreme judge, repeated their words, in order that the men might see whether or no he understood them right. Then, after some reflection, he said, "Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And thou," added the chief, addressing the other, "a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let thy son marry thy daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage portion."

Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. "Think you my sentence is unjust?" the chief asked him.

"Oh no," replied Alexander, "but it astonishes me."

"And how, then," rejoined the chief, "would the case have been decided in your country?"

"To confess the truth," said Alexander, "we should have seized the treasure for the king's use."

"For the king's use!" exclaimed the chief, now in his turn astonished. "Does the sun shine on that country?"

"Oh yes."

"Does it rain there?"

"Assuredly."

"Wonderful! But are there tame animals in the country that live on the grass and green herbs?"

"Very many, and of many kinds."

"Ah, that must be the cause," said the chief; "for the sake of those innocent animals the All-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your country."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

THE GOLD AND SILVER SHIELD

In the olden times a British prince set up a statue to the goddess of Victory, at a point where four roads met. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left hand rested upon a shield. The outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver, and on each side was an inscription.

It happened one day that two knights — one in black armor, the other in white — arrived at the statue at the same time, but from opposite directions. As neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to examine the beautiful workmanship and to read the inscription.

"This golden shield," said the Black Knight, after examining it for some time, — "this golden shield —"

"Golden shield!" cried the White Knight, who was closely observing the other side; "why, if I have my eyes, it is silver."

"Eyes you have, but they see not," replied the Black Knight; "for if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one."

"Oh yes, it is so likely that any one would expose a golden shield on the public road!" exclaimed the White Knight. "For my part, I wonder that even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for some people who pass this way."

The Black Knight could not bear the tone with which

this was spoken, and the dispute grew so warm that it ended in a challenge.

The knights turned their horses, and rode back to have sufficient space. Then, fixing their spears in their rests, they charged at each other with the greatest fury. The shock was so violent, and the blows on each side were so heavy, that they both fell to the ground, bleeding and stunned.

In this condition they were found by a good man who was traveling that way. He was a skillful physician, and had with him a balsam of wonderful healing power. This he applied to their wounds, and when the knights had recovered their senses, he began to inquire into the cause of their quarrel.

"Why, this man," cried the Black Knight, "will have it that yonder shield is silver!"

"And *he* will have it that it is gold!" cried the White Knight.

"Ah," said the physician with a sigh, "you are both of you, my brethren, in the right, and both of you in the wrong. If either of you had taken time to look at the opposite side of the shield, as well as at that which first met your eye, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided.

"However, there is a good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you. In the future, never enter into any dispute till you have fairly considered both sides of the question." HENRY BEAUMONT

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOWWORM

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glowworm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus quite eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;

For 'twas the self-same power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found his supper somewhere else.

WILLIAM COWPER

THE CHILD OF URBINO

Long ago in the city of Urbino lived a master potter named Benedetto. Benedetto had a daughter, Pacifica, whom he loved very much. But the dearest thing in the world to him — dearer even than Pacifica — was his pottery, and his greatest sorrow was that he had no son to carry on his art. This sorrow was the greater because across the mountains a younger man was gaining fame as a potter, and bade fair in time to outdo Benedetto and the pottery of Urbino.

Benedetto had a neighbor, and this neighbor had a son, a little fair-haired, grave-eyed child of seven, named Raphael. Raphael's father was an artist, and very early the child began to learn from him to hold the brush and mix the colors. He was often seen, too, in the workshop of Benedetto, for the potter loved the boy, both for himself, and for the love that he already showed for art. For hours at a time Raphael would stand quietly

beside the old man as he worked, noting each detail of the potter's skill, and storing up in his little head the things he learned there.

He was a friend, too, of the tall, dark-eyed Pacifica, who was ever ready to stop her work to play with him. But best of all, he loved big gentle Luca. Luca had come down from the hills to learn the potter's trade from Benedetto. He was tall and straight, and he loved Benedetto's daughter with all his heart.

But, alas, poor Luca, good and handsome though he was, would never be an artist! He knew it. He knew also that Benedetto would never look with favor upon any but a great artist as the husband of Pacifica, and he despaired of ever winning her. He often told his trouble to Raphael, who felt very sorry for the young man and comforted him as best he could.

One day Luca came to Raphael in deep trouble. An order had come from the duke for a great jar and platter. It was to be sent over the mountains as a gift to the duke's cousin. Every one in the potter's workshop must strive to fill the order in a way that would be pleasing to the duke. Benedetto had let it be known that the man who was lucky enough to please the duke might become Benedetto's partner and likewise his son-in-law. Poor Luca was in despair. He knew very well that his chance of winning Pacifica was gone.

Raphael's tender heart was touched.

"How long can you have, Luca?" he asked hopefully.

"Three months," answered Luca, "but it makes no difference. I could never do it in three years."

Raphael thought for a long while. At last, putting his hand in Luca's, he said, "Luca, let me try to paint a jar and platter."

If Luca had not been so miserable, the sight of the little fellow would have made him laugh.

"Please, Luca," pleaded the child. "I can paint, you know. I have learned from my father. And I have often watched Benedetto at work. Please, Luca. It can do no harm."

Finally, rather than hurt the boy's feelings, Luca assented.

Day after day Raphael climbed the stairs to Luca's workroom. Pacifica, watching him, thought he went to watch and cheer Luca, and was sad because she knew that his faithfulness could do nothing toward helping Luca win the prize.

But up in the bare garret the child was working hard. How thankful he was for the hours spent with Benedetto, and for the lessons of his father, the painter! How anxiously he toiled, painting and rubbing out, and painting again! Not a word did he breathe about his work, nor would he even allow Luca to look at what he did. Each night he covered it carefully so that no one might catch a glimpse of it. Meantime Luca was working away hopelessly, too sad to notice his little friend.

At last, the day before the end of the three months,

Raphael called Luca to see his work. Trembling with eagerness, he uncovered his jar and platter and showed them to his friend.

One glance was enough. The astonished youth fell on his knees, crying out in wonder at the beauty of the child's work.

Raphael danced up and down with joy.

"But, Raphael," cried poor Luca, "it can do me no good. This is your work. It would be cheating for me to win Pacifica that way. I could not do it."

"Wait," said the child. "I have a plan."

The next day was the time set for the duke to come to choose his pottery. From all the country round the youth had gathered, bringing their work to be judged. The pottery was placed on benches in the great workroom, each piece being marked with a number instead of a name, in order that the judges might not know whose work it was, and that the judgment should be quite fair.

In the outer room Benedetto and a few friends waited for the duke to come. Little Raphael was there, very pale, clinging to his father's hand.

When the duke appeared, Benedetto led the way to his workroom. The duke passed along the rows of jars and platters, praising each. At last he stopped.

"This is beyond all comparison," he said, turning to the potter. "Master Benedetto, whose work is this?"

Benedetto stepped forward and looked at the pottery. "It can be none of my people," he said. "I have no

one in my workshop who could do work such as that. Number eleven," he added, looking at the gathering of potters, "step forward. The duke has chosen your work."

In the hush that followed, the child Raphael stepped out.

"I painted it," he said with a pleased smile. "I, Raphael."

Immediately the room was in confusion. The astonished potters gathered about the child, while Benedetto and Raphael's father looked on in amazement.

With tears in his eyes, the duke took a jewel that hung on a gold chain about his neck and placed it over Raphael's shoulders. "This is your first reward," he said. "You will have many, O wondrous child, who shall live when we are dust!"

Raphael kissed the duke's hand. Then he turned to his father. "Is it true," he asked, "that my jar and platter have been chosen?"

His father could only bow his head.

"Then," said Raphael, looking up bravely at Benedetto, "Master, I claim the prize."

There was a little ripple of laughter.

"I am your pupil," said the child. "If you had not taught me your secrets, I could never have painted these. Now, dear Master, I give my right to my friend, Luca, who is the honestest man in all the world, and does love Pacifica as no other can do."

Benedetto burst into tears. "Indeed," he said, "I can refuse him nothing. He will give such glory to Urbino as the world has never seen."

And the words that Benedetto spoke were fulfilled in after years.

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE (*Abridged*)

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

To the south of Italy among the blue waters of the Mediterranean, lies the beautiful island of Sicily. There long ago the city of Syracuse proudly reared its towers and sought to rule the seas.

Syracuse rose to great power under the reign of Di o nys'i us, a tyrant who has made himself known to history by his many acts of violence. There is one story connected with him, however, that is of another

kind. It is the story of two friends, Damon and Pythias, whose names have become symbols for loyal friendship.

Pythias was a stranger to Syracuse, a prisoner from another country, and it had pleased Dionysius to condemn him to death. From this decree Pythias knew that there was no escape. Dionysius was supreme, and what he willed was done. Yet the thought of his wife and children at home gave Pythias the courage to make an appeal to the tyrant.

"Grant me one boon," he said. "Permit me to return to my native city, to set my affairs in order and bid farewell to my family. I will then return, O King, to die."

Dionysius laughed. "You will return?" he said. "Ah, how can I be sure?"

Now in Syracuse with Pythias was a young man from his own city, a dear friend named Damon. Knowing that Pythias would never be able to convince the hard-hearted tyrant that he would keep his word, Damon made a supreme offer.

"I will become a prisoner in place of Pythias," he said. "Let him depart, O King. If he does not return on the appointed day, I will give my life in forfeit."

Dionysius heard his words with amazement. That any man should be willing to give his life for another was beyond his understanding. And that Pythias would never return, he felt certain. But he gave his consent

to the plan with a scornful laugh, saying that if Damon was such a fool, he deserved to lose his head anyway. So the matter was settled. Pythias departed with promise of speedy return, and Damon took up his abode in the Syracuse prison.

The days went by. Pythias, favored by good winds, reached his native city, and attended to the settling of his business. Again and again his friends urged him to remain with them, but he would not listen to them. "Shall I be unfaithful to my friend?" he cried. "That were worthy of Dionysius himself!" So very sorrowfully he took leave of his dear ones and set out on his return.

But the winds now were unfriendly. Difficulties beset his path. He encountered wild beasts in the forest, was attacked by robbers, and suffered many delays. The day set for his execution was drawing near. With great anxiety he pressed forward, fearing that evil might befall his friend.

Meantime Damon, sitting in his prison, watched the days follow swiftly one upon another, and listened for the sound of horse's hoofs that would mean the return of Pythias. But in his heart he hoped that he might be allowed to die for his friend. "He has dear ones who will grieve for him and to whom his life is precious," he said to himself. "I have none."

Dionysius visited him in prison and taunted him with his approaching fate, but Damon replied calmly, "My

friend will return if it is possible. Otherwise I will die in his place."

The king heard these words scornfully. "We shall see," he said; and as the appointed day drew near, he gave orders to prepare for the execution.

The last morning dawned bright and clear, and the crowd gathered early. Damon, pale yet straight and fearless, was led forth into the square, while Dionysius from his high seat looked down with a mocking smile. There was a craning of necks, a flutter of silks, and a murmur of voices as the fine ladies and gentlemen of Syracuse gathered to watch the show.

Suddenly above the voices of the crowd there came a sharp click, click of horse's hoofs. Some one was riding fast — riding on a desperate errand.

A hush fell upon the crowd. Then the sound of galloping hoofs grew louder and a murmur of astonishment swept through the multitude. The murmur grew to a great cry, "Pythias!" and foam-flecked, weary, breathless, the rider flung himself from his horse.

The executioner stepped forward. "Hold!" cried Dionysius in a mighty voice. His face was pale, and the watching multitude stood silent.

"They shall not die," the tyrant cried. "They have taught me a lesson in faithful friendship." And from the loneliness of his hard and cruel nature, he added sadly, "Would that I were worthy to become a third in this bond of friendship!"

HUNTING THE CHAMOIS

I

The most famous wild animal of Switzerland is the chamois. This beautiful and graceful animal lives high up on the hills, and is very shy, and swift to escape from the sound or scent of man. It is a mountain antelope, about the size of a goat. The chamois have taken to these lofty regions because for hundreds of years they have been eagerly hunted by the Swiss.

He who would hunt the chamois must have a good head and a sure foot. Like the chamois themselves, he must be at home amid rocks and precipices, and must be able to climb where no path seems to be. He must know how to sit perfectly still for hours at a time, watching and waiting for these shy, wary creatures.

There is no finer climber in the Alps than the first-rate chamois hunter. He will make his way up a wall of rock by a path only a few inches wide — a tiny ledge upon which he has barely room to set his feet. Below him falls a precipice, at the foot of which great trees look like tiny shrubs, a broad river is a silver thread, and feeding cattle are mere dots on the Alp meadow.

At last, perhaps, he comes within sight of a band of chamois. There may be five of them; there may be twenty-five. Now he must crawl and creep more carefully than ever, for there stands the sentinel which ever guards a feeding band.

This sentinel is always an old female, a doe of experience. She perches herself on the nearest summit, and watches and sniffs the air continually. Her sight and smell are both of marvelous keenness. The hunter guards against her sense of sight by keeping behind rocks and ridges, and against her sense of smell by working upwind, so that the breeze comes from the chamois towards him.

While she guards them, the rest of the herd feed calmly, and the merry little ones skip and play, and indulge in a thousand antics, chasing each other, butting, leaping, racing to and fro, full of frolic and fun. But the scout never relaxes her watch for a moment. Her head turns to every quarter; her nostrils continually draw in the air. It is she whom the hunter watches as he creeps within range.

In spite of his utmost care, the old doe is almost certain to discover some sign of his presence. Then is seen a striking sight. She gives a loud, whistling call, and the others know that it means danger. The merry little kids forsake their gambols, and each runs to its mother and presses closely against her flank. The older ones leap upon bowlders and rocks, and gaze eagerly on

every hand to discover the intruder. A few moments of watchful hesitation pass, and then, perhaps, a wandering breeze gives them a sniff of tainted air, and they fix upon the direction from which the foe is advancing.

Now follows a marvelous scene — that of a band of chamois in full retreat. The speed and agility of their flight is wonderful. They are faced by a precipice. They skim up it one after the other like swallows. There is no path, no ridge, no ledge; but here and there little knobs of rock jut out from the face of the cliff, and the chamois spring from projection to projection with sureness and skill. Their four feet are sometimes bunched together on a patch of rock not much larger than a man's fist. They vanish with lightning rapidity, and the hunter must turn away in search of another band, for these will not halt until they are far beyond his reach.

II

A young chamois hunter was once climbing a steep slope in pursuit of a small band of chamois, when he heard a tremendous roaring far above his head. He looked up and saw an avalanche sweeping down upon him. He glanced back, but retreat was impossible. The avalanche would be upon him long before he could reach the foot of the clear, open slope.

He looked up, and began to climb again with frenzied haste. A little above, a great rock jutted out from the face of the slope. If he could gain its shelter, it might

break the rush of the avalanche; and he strained every nerve to reach the hollow beneath the outcrop of stone.

Down, down swept the avalanche, and up he climbed, faster and faster. It was a race for life, and as he flung himself into the shelter of the rock, a great blast of air swept over his head. Had he been two seconds later, the wind would have swept him away to certain death.

To his surprise, he saw that the hollow beneath the rock was already tenanted. A chamois doe and her two kids were crouching there for refuge. He joined them, and at the next moment the tremendous field of snow swept over them and buried them many feet deep. He hoped that the avalanche would pass, but it did not. Hours went by, and still all was black and dark in the hollow beneath the rock. Then he knew that the avalanche had settled over his hiding-place, and that he was buried alive.

He wondered if people would come in search of him. But how could they discover the proper place in which to dig? He remembered that not long before he had been one of a party which had dug for eight days in search of a friend lost under the snow. Their search was in vain, and they had been compelled to abandon their quest.

For a long time he gave no heed to the chamois and her kids close beside him, so filled was he with horror at the thought of the fate which hung over him. Then he heard the doe begin to stamp her hoofs and to make sounds as if she were striking her head against the wall.

She began to scrape with her fore feet, and the noise of her efforts aroused him from the stupor into which he had fallen. He crept towards the place, and found that she was digging a tunnel. A gleam of hope sprang up in his heart. He knew not where to work to make a way out, but perhaps the chamois did.

Man and chamois now worked together, scraping and scraping, the man with his hands and the chamois with her fore feet. Three hours' hard work proved that the instinct of the doe was not wrong. The crust of snow became thinner, and light was seen through it. At last they broke out into the sunshine. They were saved.

The mother doe and her young ones bounded gayly away up the snowy slope, while the mountaineer turned downwards and sought his home, full of gratitude for the wonderful manner in which his life had been preserved.

JOHN FINNEMORE

THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN

I

Baron von Münchhausen was a German who lived about two hundred years ago. He won great fame by his exaggerated stories of his adventures. Sometimes when a person tells a "big story" now-a-days, we say, "That is a Münchhausen story." The stories of Münchhausen are too ridiculous to be believed, but they have furnished much fun for more than a century.

I set off from Rome on a journey to Russia, in the midst of winter, from a just notion that frost and snow must of course mend the roads, which every traveler had described as uncommonly bad. I went on horseback as the most convenient manner of traveling. When night and darkness overtook me, no village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I was unacquainted with the road.

Tired, I alighted and fastened my horse to something like a pointed stump of a tree, which appeared above the snow. For the sake of safety, I placed my pistols under my arm, and lay down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight.

It is not easy to imagine my astonishment at finding myself lying in a churchyard in the midst of a village. Nor was my horse to be seen, but I heard him soon after-

ward neigh somewhere above me. On looking upwards, I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of the steeple.

Matters were now very plain to me. The village had been covered with snow overnight; a sudden change of weather had taken place, and while asleep, I had sunk down to the churchyard, gently, as the snow melted away. And what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the cross or weathercock of the steeple.

Without long consideration, I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey.

II

Advancing into the interior parts of Russia, I found traveling on horseback rather unfashionable in winter. Therefore I submitted, as I always do, to the custom of the country, took a two-horse coach, and drove briskly forward.

As I drove on, I felt greater discomfort than on the earlier part of the journey. That winter was so uncommonly severe all over Europe, that ever since then the sun has seemed to be frost-bitten.

One day, finding myself in a narrow lane, I bade the postilion give a signal with his horn, so that other travelers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He

blew with all his might; but his endeavors were in vain, for he could not make the horn sound. This was rather unfortunate, for soon afterward we found ourselves in the presence of a coach coming the other way.

I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head. I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage. I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head, and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, and proceeded to the next inn.

After we arrived at the inn, my postilion and I refreshed ourselves. He hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire, while I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a *tereng ! tereng ! teng ! teng !* We looked around, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn. His tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn, — "The King of Prussia's March," "Over the Hill and over the Dale," and many other favorite tunes.

III

It often happens that a sportsman will grasp at anything rather than miss a favorable chance. I have many times found myself in that situation. What do you say of this, for example?

One day after having spent all my shot, I found myself unexpectedly in the presence of a stately stag. The animal looked at me as calmly as if he knew of my empty pockets. I charged my gun immediately with powder, and added a good handful of cherry-stones, for at that very moment I sucked the fruit as far as the hurry would permit. Then I let fly at the stag and hit him just on the middle of the forehead, between his branching antlers. The blow stunned him — he staggered — yet he made off.

A year or two afterward, being with a party of hunters in the same forest, I beheld a noble stag with a fine full-grown cherry tree ten feet high between his antlers. I immediately recollected my former adventure, looked upon him as my property, and brought him to the ground by one shot. This at once gave me not only the haunch but the cherry-sauce also; for the tree was covered with the richest fruit, the like of which I had never tasted before.

RUDOLPH ERIC RASPE

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

. . . . . .

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
  By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
  Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF SPAIN

ISABELLA, Queen of Spain.
DON GOMEZ, adviser to the king and queen.
COLUMBUS, a sea captain from Italy.

TIME: April, 1492.
PLACE: A room in the palace.

Columbus has been telling the queen of his belief that the earth is round and that he can reach India by sailing west. He has asked for help so that he can make the voyage to prove that he is right.

QUEEN: Don Gomez, you have heard what this stranger has said. Do you think we ought to help him?

DON GOMEZ: Indeed, your Majesty, his plan is all a wild dream. I am a plain matter-of-fact man and do not see such visions.

QUEEN: But Columbus has given us good reasons for his beliefs and plans.

DON GOMEZ: You surely know that the earth is flat. Even if it were round, as he thinks, how could he possibly return if he once went down the sides of the earth? Wouldn't he have to come uphill all the way? A ship could never do that! Oh no, he will only fall over the edge if he goes too far!

COLUMBUS: You know that men have sailed far out of sight upon the ocean and have come safely back. I, too, shall be able to bring my ship home.

DON GOMEZ: Your Majesty, this man would have us believe that people are living on the other side of the earth. Then they must be walking with their heads down, like flies on the ceiling. And I suppose he would have us believe that there the trees grow with their branches downward, and it rains and snows upwards. No, no! I am a plain matter-of-fact man. I cannot believe that.

COLUMBUS: But, your Majesty, there are things about the earth that men have not yet learned. I can explain to you why the people on the opposite side of the earth walk just as we do.

DON GOMEZ: Oh, very well! Very well! But I must believe what I can see. I know that I am not walking with my head downwards. And yet any one living down there, as you say, with his feet opposite to mine, must be upside down.

QUEEN: Then you think that we should listen no longer to the words of Columbus?

DON GOMEZ: It is all folly, I am sure of it. Has your Majesty ever seen any person from this strange land that he wishes to find?

QUEEN: Don Gomez, have you ever seen any one from the unknown land to which we go after death?

DON GOMEZ: Certainly not; but I have faith that we shall go there.

QUEEN: Columbus, too, has faith. It is by faith that he looks across the vast ocean to the distant land.

COLUMBUS: Your Majesty is right. But I have reasons, too, strong reasons for the faith that is in me. I know that I can sail far to the west and find the new way to India.

DON GOMEZ: Oh yes, you can sail away, and we shall never hear of you again. You must give us facts, solid facts, before we plain matter-of-fact people will risk any money on your plans. Give no more heed to him, your Majesty. Why, even the boys on the street point to their foreheads as he passes.

ring of boys at what they
influence Isabella? I have
oken by this earnest man. I
am ready to t st his great and glorious plan, even
though you call it folly.

DON GOMEZ: Your Majesty will pardon me if I remind you of what the king himself has said. He has no funds to help Columbus.

QUEEN: Then I will fit out the ships for him. I have jewels of great value, which I will use to raise the money. It shall be done without a moment's delay.

COLUMBUS: Your Majesty shall never regret this noble decision. I shall return. Be sure, your Majesty, that I shall return and lay at your feet such a jewel as never yet was worn by any queen. I have faith that I shall succeed and that men shall forever bless you for your service to-day.

ALEXANDER VINET

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS TO SPAIN

DON GOMEZ HIS SECRETARY

TIME: March, 1493.
PLACE: The office of Don Gomez.

DON GOMEZ: What! What is this you tell me? Columbus has returned? He crossed the western ocean and has returned alive? Impossible!

SECRETARY: It is even so, Don Gomez. A messenger arrived at the palace an hour ago. Columbus has

landed, and the news [illegible] will soon be wild with excite[illegible]

DON GOMEZ: Oh, it is a trick [illegible] a trick.

SECRETARY: But Columbus has brought home the proofs of his visit — gold and precious stones, strange plants and animals. He has brought also some of the strange people that he found — copper-colored men with straight black hair.

DON GOMEZ: Still I say it is a trick. He has been sailing along the coast of Africa and has picked up a few things which he pretends are proofs of his discovery.

SECRETARY: But all his sailors tell the same story.

DON GOMEZ: We shall see, we shall see. A plain matter-of-fact man, such as I am, is not taken in by such a ridiculous story. We shall find out that Columbus has discovered nothing at all.

SECRETARY: The king and queen have given orders to receive him at court with the greatest honors.

DON GOMEZ: What a mistake! Her Majesty is too ready to believe whatever she is told.

SECRETARY: But think of the Indians whom he has brought back with him! We never saw men like them before.

DON GOMEZ: I am a matter-of-fact man. Mark my words; it will turn out a trick. We shall find that Columbus sailed south instead of west and didn't discover anything.

SECRETARY: The sailors all say they steered west.

DON GOMEZ: A trick! A trick! Would you have me believe that an unknown coast has been reached by sailing west? Impossible! You know that the earth can't be round, for men would be standing on their heads down on the other sides. Oh no! I'm a plain matter-of-fact man, sir. Call my carriage. I must go to the palace and show the king that Columbus is all wrong.

ALEXANDER VINET

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dead seas is gone.
Now speak, brave adm'r'l, speak and say —"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed, they sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a flaming sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights, and then a speck
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! Sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER

THE FIRST TRIP OF THE STEAMBOAT CLERMONT

The man who first convinced people that boats could be run successfully by steam was Robert Fulton. When he was twenty-one years old, he left his home in Pennsylvania and went to England, in order to study painting; but he soon became more interested in machines than in pictures. It was about this time that James Watt invented the steam engine for running machinery. Fulton was very much interested in Watt's steam engines, and he began to dream about making a boat that would go by steam. In those days, you remember, all

ships had sails and depended on the wind to propel them.

Fulton's dream came true on the August day in 1807 when his steamboat, the *Clermont*, made its first trip on the Hudson River from New York to Albany and back. In later years he told the story of his labors and discouragements somewhat as follows:

When I was building my first steamboat at New York (he said), the project was viewed by the public critics with indifference, or with contempt. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled look of unbelief.

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, and heard many questions as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was always that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the endless repetition of the "Fulton Folly." Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish cross my path.

At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited my friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend as a matter of personal

respect; but it was clear that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my failure and not of my triumph.

I was well aware that in my case there were many reasons to doubt my own success. The machinery was new and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unused to such work; and unexpected difficulties might present themselves from other causes.

The moment arrived when the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends stood in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them; they were silent and sad and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts.

The signal was given; the boat moved a short distance, and then stopped and became immovable. There were murmurs of discontent, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I told you it would be so — it is a foolish scheme — I wish we were well out of it."

I raised myself upon a platform and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew what was the matter; and that if they would be quiet, and wait a half hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time. I went below and examined the machinery and discovered what was wrong. In a short period the trouble was remedied and the boat was again put in motion. She continued to move. Yet even then, no one seemed willing to trust the evidence of his own senses.

We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic scenery of the Highlands; we sighted the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores. Then, even then, when all seemed achieved, my friends were disappointed. They doubted if it could be done again; or, if done, whether the steamboat could be made of any great value.

Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell from the lips of the inventor.

When already his invention had covered the waters of the Hudson, he seemed little satisfied with the results, and looked forward to far more extensive operations.

"My ultimate triumph," he used to say, "will be on

the Mississippi. I know, indeed, that even now it is deemed impossible by many that the difficulties of its navigation can be overcome. But I am confident of success. I may not live to see it, but the Mississippi will yet be covered with steamboats, and then an entire change will be wrought in the commerce of our country."

This change has been wrought; and the steamboat, in its effect upon commerce and navigation, upon travel and trade, seems destined to be numbered among the noblest benefactions to the human race.

JOSEPH STORY

AT SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,

The good ship tight and free —
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, Mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our hermitage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

KING COTTON

When Europeans first visited the southern parts of North America, they found there a plant destined to such eminence in the history of the world as no other member of the vegetable family ever attained. It was an unimportant-looking plant two or three feet in height, studded with pods somewhat larger than a walnut. In the appropriate season these pods opened, revealing a wealth of soft white fiber, in which lay the seeds of the plant. This was cotton.

The English began to cultivate a little cotton very soon after their settlement in America; but it was a difficult crop for them to handle. The plants grew luxu-

riantly. When autumn came, the opening pods revealed a most satisfactory growth. The quantity of cotton excited the wonder of the planters; but before the fiber could be used, the seeds had to be removed. This was a slow, and therefore a costly, process. It was as much as a man could do in a day to separate one pound of cotton from the seeds. As long as this was the case, cotton could never be abundant or cheap.

In course of time, things came to pass in England which made it necessary that cotton should be both abundant and cheap. In 1768 Richard Arkwright invented a machine for spinning cotton, vastly superior to anything hitherto in use. The next year, a greater than he — James Watt — announced a greater invention, the engine that worked by steam. England was now ready to begin her great work of weaving cotton for the world; but where was the cotton to be found?

Three or four years before Watt patented his engine and Arkwright his spinning-frame, there was born in a New England farmhouse a boy whose work was needed to complete theirs. His name was Eli Whitney. Eli was a born mechanic. As a mere boy he made nails, pins, and walking-canes in novel ways, and thus earned money to support himself at college.

In 1792 he went to Georgia to visit Mrs. Greene, the widow of that General Greene who so troubled Lord Cornwallis in the closing years of the Revolutionary War. In those early times, when few of the comforts

of civilized life were yet enjoyed, no visitor was more welcome than a skillful mechanic. Eli made marvelous toys for the children, and overcame household difficulties by clever devices. Mrs. Greene learned to wonder at him, and to believe that nothing was impossible for him.

One day when Mrs. Greene was entertaining a party of her neighbors, the conversation turned upon the sorrows of the planter. They lamented the unfortunate way in which the seeds of the cotton stuck to the fiber. With an urgent demand from England for cotton, with boundless lands which grew nothing so well as cotton, it was hard to be stopped by those little cotton seeds.

Now Mrs. Greene believed that her friend Eli could do anything he undertook. She begged him to invent a machine which would separate the seeds of cotton from the fiber.

Eli was of Northern upbringing, and had never even seen cotton in seed. He walked to Savannah, and there, with some trouble, obtained a quantity of uncleaned cotton. On his return, he shut himself in his room and brooded over the difficulty which he had undertaken to conquer.

All that winter Eli labored, hammering, building up, rejecting, beginning afresh. He had no help. He could not even buy tools, but had to make them with his own hands. At length his machine was completed — a queer, clumsy machine, but looking as if it could do the work that was needed.

Mrs. Greene then invited the leading men of Georgia

to her house, and conducted them in triumph to the building in which the machine stood. The owners of unprofitable cotton lands looked on, with a wild flash of hope lighting up their hearts. Possibilities of untold wealth to each of them lay in that clumsy structure.

When the machine was put in motion, it became evident to all that it could perform the work of hundreds of men.

Eli Whitney had gained a great victory for mankind. In that rude log hut of Georgia, Cotton was crowned king, and a new era was opened for America and for the world.

ROBERT MACKENZIE

SHOOTING AN OIL WELL

Colonel Dale, having lost his fortune, had made every effort to keep his beautiful old Virginia estate for his grandson, Arthur Dustin. His one hope lay in the success of an oil well which he had sunk on an abandoned farm. For many months the men had been drilling deep into the earth, always expecting to strike oil. But at last they had given up all hope.

The Dale-Dustin well was a dry hole. It contained a little gas and plenty of salt water, but not a drop of oil flowed from it. Brace Barlow, the boss driller, was greatly puzzled to account for this state of affairs, for he had often predicted that the well was not only going to strike oil, but was going to prove a real "gusher."

All night Colonel Dale had sat in the derrick, hardly speaking or moving, except when he stepped forward to study the contents of the sand pump. It was a night of nights to him. His fortunes, and those of the dear ones dependent upon him, were to be decided by the result of those few hours' labor. His face grew whiter and whiter, as the slow hours passed and the working of the tools produced no result. He hardly knew when the throb of the machinery ceased; but in the stillness that followed, he heard the tones of Brace Barlow's voice.

Standing respectfully and pityingly before him, the young man said, "I hate to tell you, Colonel; but it's no use drilling any farther. We've gone clean through the sand without a show. I don't understand it, but it's

so all the same, and it would be foolish to spend any more money on such a 'duster' as this hole has proved."

"Very well, Mr. Barlow," replied Colonel Dale, speaking calmly and without a trace of emotion. "Pay off the men and discharge them. I am going to the house for a nap. Please see that I am not disturbed."

The next morning Brace Barlow spent his time wandering about the place, often casting reproachful glances at the idle drills, as though they were in some way responsible for having opened such a useless hole in the ground. He had paid off his men, so now he was left entirely alone with his thoughts. At length, about noon, he disappeared, and nobody knew what had become of him.

Colonel Dale, meanwhile, had been heard pacing heavily up and down his room for hours at a time. Miss Hatty had carried some dinner upstairs and had begged that he would eat it, but without opening his door he had replied, "Leave me alone to-day, Harriet, and to-morrow I will again try to face the world."

Arthur fell asleep that night wondering whether Brace Barlow had really gone away, and why he should have left without saying good-by. Perhaps it was for this reason that he sprang from his bed very wide awake when a tiny pebble rattled against his window. The daylight was so faint that Arthur could just make out that it was Brace who stood beneath his window, looking up and beckoning to him.

"Dress yourself and come down as quickly and softly as you can," said the young man, in a loud whisper.

The boy obeyed, wondering what on earth Brace could want with him at that time of day. In less than five minutes he was downstairs and standing outside in the damp chill of the early morning.

Brace was waiting for him. Without a word, he led the boy up the hill back of the house and into the derrick of the Dale-Dustin well. Then he said, "I have called you out, Arthur, lad, because I have a job on hand that I can't very well do alone, and because I wanted your permission to undertake it. You own half of this well, don't you?"

"Why, yes," answered the boy, in surprise; "I suppose I do. Grandpa and I are partners, you know."

"Well, then, as one of the owners, I want your permission to try a shot in it."

"In this well?" cried Arthur; "why, I thought you shot only old wells that had stopped flowing."

"So we do, generally," replied Brace. "But if a shot will help an old well that won't flow, why shouldn't it help a new one that won't? I've made up my mind that there is oil down in that hole. The sand says there is, and I never knew it to lie. Now, if that is so, it only needs to be stirred up a bit; and a good big shot will fetch it, if anything can. I've been up to the magazine, where I had a little of the stuff left, and have brought down a hundred and twenty quarts."

Arthur gave a little start as, in the dusky corner of the derrick, he saw the square tins in which the terrible explosive rested so quietly.

"I've brought the shells, too," continued Brace. "Now I only want you to say 'go ahead,' and then help me put into the Dale-Dustin a bigger shot than I have ever used before. It can't do any harm, and it may do a great deal of good. What do you say? Shall we try it?"

"Of course we will!" cried Arthur, greatly excited. "Oh, Brace, if only the oil would come!"

In less than an hour, the experienced well-shooter and his fearless young assistant had filled the bright tin tubes with one hundred and twenty quarts of nitro-glycerin and the tubes hung in the well, ready to be sent to the bottom as one huge torpedo. Arthur had stood by, without a tremor, as with steady hands Brace Barlow emptied can after can of the awful liquid. So eager and anxious were they, that they hardly spoke while engaged in this dangerous task.

At length the great torpedo was lowered slowly and carefully to the very bottom of the well, and its line was reeled in. The empty cans had been carried to a safe distance, and Brace now stood beside the boy, on the derrick floor, ready to make the final move. He looked at Arthur, and the latter understood the look.

"Yes, Brace," he said, "I want to drop it." With the utmost coolness and steadiness of nerve, Arthur held

the messenger of destruction over the mouth of the well for an instant; and then sped it on its downward flight toward the monster waiting a thousand feet below, to receive it.

Hand in hand, the man and the boy fled from the place, out from among the trees, and down the hillside.

Then came a mighty trembling, like that of an earthquake shock, followed by a terrible smothered roar, and then a few seconds of silence and suspense.

"There it comes!" shouted Arthur, almost beside himself with excitement, as a liquid column rose slowly from the mouth of the well to a height of twenty feet or so, and then fell back.

"No, that's only the water," answered Brace Barlow, gazing with strained eyes and an intense eagerness, such as he had never before known.

Suddenly a black column of mud, water, and burned glycerin rushed to the top of the derrick. Its blackness was tinged with the yellow of oil, and Brace had opened his mouth to utter a shout of joy when, with a mighty roar like that of thunder, a dense volume of gas burst forth. For a few moments it enveloped the derrick in a thick bluish cloud. As this cleared away, there stood revealed a solid golden column, six inches in diameter, reaching to the top of the derrick, and breaking into great jets and fountains of amber-colored spray.

The awful force with which that mighty column of oil rushed upward is beyond conception. Nor can its

beauty, as it glowed and throbbed in the red light of the rising sun, be appreciated, save by those who have witnessed similar spectacles.

Miss Hatty, who had sprung from her bed terrified and bewildered by the noise and jar of the shot, saw it as

she kneeled by her chamber window, and breathed a fervent prayer of thankfulness.

Colonel Dale, who had rushed into the open air under the impression that some terrible convulsion of nature

was at hand, saw it; and strong man that he was, he trembled like one stricken with a palsy, while great tears streamed down his face.

Brace Barlow and Arthur saw it, and the clear morning air rang with their shouts of joy.

"There's no dust in that blessed hole this time!" cried Brace. "She's a gusher if there ever was one, and her like hasn't been seen for many a day."

KIRK MONROE

DAVID AND GOLIATH

The Philistines and the Israelites were two nations that lived many centuries ago in the countries lying east of the Mediterranean Sea. Saul, the first king of Israel, led his army against the Philistines; but Goliath, the Philistine giant, demanded that the army of Israel should send out a single man to fight with him.

I

Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle. And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and set the battle in array against the Philistines. The Philistines stood on the mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on the mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them.

There went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. He cried unto the armies of Israel and said unto them, "Why are ye come out to set your

battle in array? Choose you a man, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me and kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us."

When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed and greatly afraid.

And the Philistine drew near morning and evening, and presented himself forty days.

II

Now Jesse said unto David his son, "Take for thy brethren this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and carry them quickly to the camp of thy brethren; and bring these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand and look how thy brethren fare."

David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and went, as Jesse had commanded him. And he came to the place of the wagons, as the host was going forth to the fight. And David left his baggage in the hand of the keeper of the baggage, and ran to the army, and came and saluted his brethren.

As he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion Goliath, out of the ranks of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them. And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him and were sore afraid.

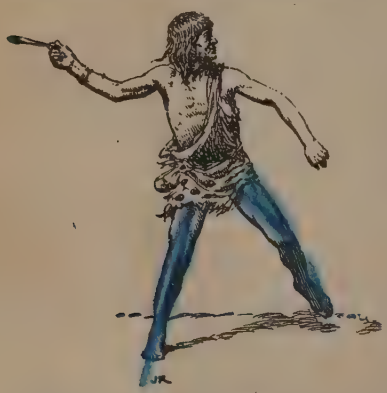
And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying, "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel?"

Eliab, his eldest brother, heard when he spake unto the men; and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said, "Why art thou come down? With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down to see the battle."

And David said, "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?"

III

When the words were heard which David spake, they rehearsed them before Saul; and he sent for him.



And David said to Saul, "Let no man's heart fail because of this Philistine; thy servant will go and fight with him."

And Saul said to David, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

And David said unto Saul, "Thy servant kept his

father's sheep; and when there came a lion, or a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered the lamb out of his mouth. And when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant smote both the lion and the bear: and this Philistine shall be as one of them. The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

And Saul said unto David, "Go, and the Lord shall be with thee."

And Saul clad David with his apparel, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head, and he clad him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his apparel.

And David said unto Saul, "I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them."

And David put them off him. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in the shepherd's bag which he had; and his sling was in his hand. And he drew near to the Philistine.

The Philistine came on and drew near unto David. And when he saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of fair countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?"

Then said David to the Philistine, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a javelin: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand."

And it came to pass, when the Philistine drew nigh to meet David, that David hastened, and ran to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand into his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead; and the stone sank into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

Then David ran and stood over the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled. And the men of Israel shouted and pursued the Philistines.

IV

When David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, he was brought before Saul with the head of Goliath in his hand.

Saul said to him, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

And David answered, "I am the son of thy servant Jesse."

And it came to pass when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house.

Then Jonathan made a covenant with David because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his apparel, even to his sword and to his bow.

And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely: and Saul set him over the men of war, and it was good in the sight of all people, and also in the sight of Saul's servants.

THE BIBLE (*Abridged*)

THE TWENTY-FOURTH PSALM

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
Nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts,
He is the King of glory.

THE BIBLE

THE STORY OF BABA ABDALLA

Once as the caliph Haroun al Raschid and his grand vizier, disguised as merchants, were proceeding across a bridge in the city of Bagdad, they met a blind man begging for alms. The caliph gave him a piece of gold and was much surprised at the old man's response, for he said, "Pray, sir, give me a box on the ear. Otherwise I shall be unable to accept your alms, without breaking a solemn vow."

After some hesitation, the caliph obeyed this strange request, and gave him a very slight blow, and then continued on his walk. When they had gone a little way, the caliph said to the vizier, "Return and tell that blind man to come to my palace to-morrow at the hour of afternoon prayer, for I would fain hear his history, which must be strange." The vizier hastened to obey, and then resumed his walk with the caliph.

The next day the blind man appeared at the palace, where he was introduced into the caliph's presence by the grand vizier. He prostrated himself before the throne, and when he rose up, the caliph asked him his name. The blind man answered that it was Baba Abdalla.

"Baba Abdalla," said the caliph, "tell me why you require those who give you alms to give you also a box on the ear."

The blind man, having bowed low, replied, "Sir, I

will tell you; and you will see that this action is but a slight penance for a great crime of which I am guilty." Then he continued:

Commander of the Faithful, I was born at Bagdad, and at an early age found myself in possession of considerable wealth. Soon I began to trade with all the cities of the land.

One of my journeys led me to Bussorah. When I was returning with my unladen camels, I met a dervish, with whom I sat down to eat.

During our repast, the dervish told me that he knew of a spot close by where there were such immense riches that, if all my fourscore camels were loaded with gold and jewels from it, nothing would be missed there.

I was delighted by what I heard, and begged the dervish to conduct me to the spot. Whereupon he replied, "I am ready to conduct you to the place where the treasure lies. We will load your fourscore camels with jewels and gold, on condition that when they are so loaded, you will let me have one half, and you will be content with the other half. After that we will separate and take our camels where we may think fit. You see this is an entirely fair division, for if you give me forty camels, you will procure, by my help, enough to purchase thousands."

Although avarice made me unwilling to give up so much, I had no choice but to accept the terms the dervish

offered. As soon as he had heard my decision, he led me to the place.

It was a valley situated between two high mountains, so secluded that there was no fear of discovery. When

we arrived there, the dervish quickly collected some sticks and kindled a fire, pronouncing over it an incantation. A dense smoke arose from the fire, and when this had

cleared away, I saw that the sides of the cliff had rolled back. A magnificent palace was revealed in the side of the mountain, with great heaps of treasure lying about.

I was as greedy as a bird of prey in the way I seized the gold and filled my sacks, until I saw that the dervish paid more heed to the jewels; whereupon I followed his example, so that we took away more jewels than gold. Among other things, the dervish took a small golden vase which contained nothing more than a sticky ointment. And after we had loaded our camels, he closed the rock by using some mystic words.

We now divided the camels, each taking forty, and traveled together till we came to the great road where we were to part, the dervish to go to Bussorah, and I to Bagdad. We embraced each other with great joy, and started on our different routes.

I had not gone far before the demon of ingratitude and envy took possession of my heart. I mourned the loss of my camels, but much more the riches wherewith they were loaded. "The dervish," said I to myself, "has no need for all this wealth, since he is master of the treasure and may have as much as he pleases." So I gave myself up to the blackest ingratitude, and determined immediately to take from him the camels with their load.

To carry out this design, I called to him as loudly as I could, giving him to understand that I had something important to say, and made a sign to him to stop, which he accordingly did.

When I came up to him, I said, "Brother, I had no sooner parted from you than a thought came into my head which neither of us had reflected on before. You are used to living apart from the world, intent only upon serving God. You know not, perhaps, what trouble you have taken upon yourself, to take care of so many camels. Hear my advice and keep but thirty; you will find that number hard enough to manage. Take my word; I have had experience."

The dervish, who seemed rather afraid of me, at once made me choose ten camels from his forty. This I promptly did, and drove them after my forty.

The readiness with which he had given up these ten only increased my desire for more. "Brother," said I, "thirty camels are too many for you to manage, since you are not used to the work. Therefore I beg you relieve yourself of ten more."

My request was promptly granted by the dervish, who gave me ten more camels; so that he had but twenty left, and I was master of sixty, and might boast of greater riches than any sovereign prince. Any one would have thought I should now to content; but I only became more greedy and more desirous of the other twenty camels.

I redoubled my entreaties, in order to make the dervish grant me ten of his remaining twenty camels, which he did with a good grace. And as to the ten he had left, I embraced him, kissed his feet, and begged him not to

refuse me, but to complete my obligation to him; so that at length he crowned my joy by giving me them also.

Then into my head came the thought that the little vase which the dervish had shown me probably contained something more precious than all the riches I had. I longed to possess it; so I said, "What will you do with that little vase of ointment? It seems such a trifle, it is not worth carrying away. Will you not make me a present of it? What use has a dervish, who has renounced the vanities of the world, for perfumes or scented ointments?"

Would to heaven he had refused me that vase! But if he had, I was stronger than he, and would have taken it from him by force.

The dervish readily pulled it out of his robe, and presented it to me with the best grace in the world, saying, "Here, take it, brother, and be content. If I can do more for you, you need but to ask me; I am ready to satisfy you."

When I had the vase in my hand, I opened it, and said to him, "Since you are so good, I am sure you will not refuse the favor of telling me the special use of this ointment."

"The use is very surprising and wonderful," replied the dervish. "By applying a little of it around the left eye, you can at once see all the treasures contained in the earth. But if you apply it to the right eye, you will become blind."

At my request, the dervish applied the ointment to my left eye, and I found that he had indeed spoken truly. I saw vast riches, and longed to grasp them all. I then bade him put some around my right eye.

"Pray remember," said the dervish, "that you will immediately become blind."

Far from being persuaded that the dervish was telling the truth, I imagined, on the contrary, that he was trying to hide some mystery from me.

"Brother," replied I, smiling, "I see plainly you wish to mislead me. It is not natural that this ointment should have two such contrary effects."

"The matter is as I tell you," replied the dervish. "You ought to believe me, for I cannot conceal the truth."

I would not believe the dervish, although he spoke like an honest man. My great desire to possess all the treasures in the world had such an effect on me that I could not give heed to his remonstrances. I could not believe his words, which were, however, but too true, as I soon found out.

Since the ointment, by being applied to the left eye, had the power to show me all the treasures of the earth, I was sure that, by being applied to the right, it might have the power of giving the treasures into my hand. Possessed with this thought, I urged the dervish to apply the ointment to my right eye; but he positively refused.

"Brother," said he, "after I have done you so much service, I cannot do you so great an injury. Consider

what a misfortune it is to be deprived of one's eyesight. Do not force me to do a thing which you will be sorry for all your life."

I persisted, however, and said to him in strong terms, "Brother, I earnestly desire you to lay aside all your objections. You have granted me most generously all that I have asked of you hitherto. Would you have me go away dissatisfied with you at last about a thing of so little consequence? Grant me, I pray you, this last favor. Whatever happens, I will not lay the blame on you, but take it upon myself alone."

The dervish, having made all the resistance possible, finally took a little of the fatal ointment and applied it to my right eye. Then, alas, I immediately became blind, as you see me now.

"Ah! dervish," I exclaimed in agony, "what you warned me of has proved but too true. Fatal curiosity," added I, "foolish desire of riches, into what depths of misery have they cast me! But you, dear brother, who are so charitable and good, among your wonderful secrets, have you not one that will restore to me my sight?"

"Miserable wretch!" answered the dervish, "if you had only heeded my advice, you would have avoided this misfortune, but you now have what you deserve. The blindness of your mind was the cause of the loss of your eyes. Pray to God, therefore; it is He alone that can restore your eyesight. He gave you riches, of which you were unworthy. On that account, He takes them

from you again, and by my hands will give them to men not so ungrateful as you are."

The dervish left me to myself, overcome with despair. After he had collected my camels, he drove them away and continued on the road to Bussorah.

I cried out loudly as he was departing, and entreated him not to leave me in that miserable condition, but to conduct me at least to the first caravansary; but he was deaf to my prayers and entreaties. Thus deprived of sight and all I had in the world, I should have died with affliction and hunger, if the next day a caravan had not received me charitably and brought me back to Bagdad.

After this manner was I reduced to beggary. As a punishment for my offense, I now ask every person who gives me alms to give me also a box on the ear.

This, Commander of the Faithful, is the explanation of what seemed so strange to your Majesty yesterday. I ask your pardon once more as your slave, and submit to whatever punishment I deserve.

"Baba Abdalla," replied the caliph, "you may cease to beg publicly, and to show my appreciation of your remorse and my approval of the punishment you have inflicted on yourself, I order my grand vizier to pay you daily hereafter four pieces of silver money."

At these words, Baba Abdalla prostrated himself before the caliph's throne, returned him thanks, and wished him all happiness and prosperity.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm

Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches, with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,

Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,

As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides:
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gazed at him with a spectral glare.
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.

And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

NEW INVENTIONS

The farmer-boy likes to have winter come, for one thing, because it freezes up the ground so that he can't dig in it; and it is covered with snow, so that there is no picking up stones, nor driving the cows to pasture. He would have a very easy time if it were not for the getting up before daylight to build the fires and do the "chores."

Nature intended the long winter nights for the farmer-boy to sleep; but in my day he was expected to open his sleepy eyes when the cock crew, get out of the warm bed and light a candle, struggle into his cold pantaloons, and pull on boots in which the thermometer would have gone down to zero, rake open the coals on the hearth and start the morning fire, and then go to the barn to "fodder."

The frost was thick on the kitchen windows; the snow was drifted against the door; and the journey to the barn, in the pale light of dawn, over the creaking snow, was like an exile's trip to Siberia. The boy was not half awake when he stumbled into the cold barn, and was greeted by the lowing and bleating and neighing of cattle waiting for their breakfast. How their breath steamed up from the mangers and hung in frosty spears from their noses! Through the great lofts above the hay, where the swallows nested, the winter wind whistled and the snow sifted. Those old barns were well ventilated.

I used to spend much valuable time in planning a barn that should be tight and warm, with a fire in it, if necessary, in order to keep the temperature somewhere near the freezing point. I couldn't see how the cattle could live in a place where a lively boy, full of young blood, would freeze to death in a short time if he did not swing his arms and slap his hands, and jump about like a goat.

I thought I would have a sort of perpetual manger that should shake down the hay when it was wanted, and a self-acting machine that should cut up the turnips and pass them into the mangers, and water always flowing for the cattle and horses to drink. With these simple arrangements I could lie in bed, and know that the "chores" were doing themselves.

It would also be necessary, in order that I should not be disturbed, that the crow should be taken out of the roosters, but I could think of no process to do it. It seems to me that the hen-breeders, if they know as much as they say they do, might raise a breed of crowless roosters, for the benefit of boys, quiet neighborhoods, and sleepy families.

There was another notion that I had, about kindling the kitchen fire, that I never carried out. It was, to have a spring at the head of my bed, connecting with a wire, which should run to a torpedo which I would plant overnight in the ashes of the fireplace. By touching the spring I could explode the torpedo, which would scatter the ashes and uncover the live coals, and at the

same time shake down the sticks of wood which were standing by the side of the ashes in the chimney, and the fire would kindle itself. This ingenious plan was frowned on by the whole family, who said they did not want to be waked up every morning by an explosion. And yet they expected me to wake up without an explosion. A boy's plans for making life agreeable are hardly ever heeded.

I never knew a boy farmer who was not eager to go to the district school in the winter. There is such a chance for learning, that he must be a dull boy who does not come out in the spring a fair skater, an accurate snowballer, and an accomplished slider-downhill, with or without a board. Take a moderate hill, with a foot-slide down it worn to icy smoothness, and a "go-round" of boys on it, and there is nothing like it for whittling away boot-leather. The boy is the shoemaker's friend. An active lad can wear down a pair of cowhide soles in a week so that the ice will scrape his toes.

Sledding or coasting is slow fun compared to the "bareback" sliding down a steep hill over a hard, glistening crust. It is not only dangerous, but it is destructive to jacket and pantaloons to a degree to make a tailor laugh. If any other animal wore out his skin as fast as a schoolboy wears out his clothes in winter, it would need a new one once a month. In a country school, patches were not by any means a sign of poverty, but of the boy's courage and adventurous disposition.

What I liked best at school, was the study of history, early history, the Indian wars. We studied it mostly at noontime, and we had it illustrated as the children nowadays have "object-lessons," — though our object was not so much to have lessons as it was to revive real history.

Back of the schoolhouse rose a round hill, upon which, tradition said, had stood in colonial times a block-house,

built by the settlers for defense against the Indians. It was called Fort Hill. It was very steep on each side, and the river ran close by.

The boys at our school divided themselves into two parties; one was the Early Settlers and the other the Pequots, the latter the more numerous. The Early Settlers built a snow fort on the hill, and a strong fortress it was, constructed of snowballs rolled up to a vast size, piled one upon another, and the whole cemented by

pouring on water which froze and made the walls solid. The Pequots helped the whites build it. It had a covered way under the snow, through which only could it be entered, and it had towers and openings to fire from, and a great many other things for which there are no names in military books.

When the fort was completed, the Early Settlers used to retire into it, and await the attack of the Indians. There was only a handful of the garrison, while the Indians were many, and also barbarous. It was agreed that they should be barbarous. And it was in this light that the great question was settled whether a boy might snowball with balls that he had soaked overnight in water and let freeze. They were as hard as cobble-stones, and if a boy should be hit in the head by one of them he could not tell whether he was a Pequot or an Early Settler. It was considered unfair to use these ice-balls in an open fight. But as the whites were protected by the fort, it was decided that the Indians might use the hard missiles.

The Pequots used to come swarming up the hill, with hideous war-whoops, attacking the fort on all sides with great noise and a shower of balls. The garrison replied with yells of defiance and well-directed shots, hurling back the invaders when they attempted to scale the walls. The Settlers had the advantage of position, but they were sometimes overpowered by numbers, and would often have had to surrender but for the

ringing of the school-bell. The Pequots were in great fear of the bell.

I do not remember that the whites ever hauled down their flag and surrendered voluntarily; but once or twice the fort was carried by storm and the garrison were massacred to a boy. To take a boy's cap was to scalp him, and after that he was dead, if he played fair. There were a great many hard hits given and taken, but always cheerfully, for it was in the cause of our early history. The history of Greece and Rome was stuff compared to this. And we had many boys in our school who could imitate the Indian war-whoop better than they could read Latin.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

KINMONT WILLIE

I

I well remember the dull April morning, in the year 1596, when my father, William Armstrong — "Kinmont Willie," as he was called by all the countryside — set out with me for a ride into Cumberland.

When he set his face this way, he generally rode fully armed with all his men behind him, for those were lawless days on the Border. My father was aye in the thick of the raids, for he was a big, powerful man and a match for three Englishmen. They called him an outlaw, but we cared little for that. Most of the brave men on the Scottish side had been outlawed at one time or another.

But this day he rode on different business. Just then, there was a truce for a few days, while the wardens of the two countries settled some affairs at a Truce Muster.

My birthday had fallen the week before (I was just eleven years old), and my father had given me a new pony. As I was keen to see how it would run beside a big man's horse, I had pleaded hard to go with him to the Muster. As a rule, I never rode with him. I was too young for the work, he said; but that day he gave his consent.

We were riding home with a handful of men, when I took a sudden notion that I should like to cross the Border

and ride a few miles on English ground. My father assented, for on a day of truce he saw no danger of being captured.

Scarcely had we crossed the Border when our men rode into a bog and lamed their horses. My father, seeing my disappointment, sent the men back, saying it would be safe enough for us two to ride alone. So my father and I went on eight miles or so over a lonely country. I was disappointed. Somehow, I had expected England would be quite different from Scotland.

"Hast had enough?" said my father at last, noticing my downcast face. "Didst expect all the trees to be made of silver, and all the houses of gold? Never mind, lad, when summer comes, I'll let thee ride with the troop, and mayhap thou wilt get a glimpse of 'Merrie Carlisle.' It lies over there, twelve miles or so."

As he pointed with his whip, we both became aware of a large body of men, riding rapidly toward us. My father eyed them keenly, his face growing grave.

"Who are they, Father?" I asked with a sinking heart. I had lived long enough at Kinmont to know that men did not generally ride in such numbers unless they were bent on mischief.

"It's Sakelde, and no friend o' mine," he answered with a frown. "On any other day I would not have met him alone for a hundred marks. Yet the truce holds for three days yet. All the same, lad, we had better turn our horses round, and slip in behind that little

hill. They may not have noticed us. In that case 'tis no use rousing their curiosity."

Alas, we had no sooner set our horses to the trot, than it became apparent that not only were we observed, but that the leader wished to bar our way.

He gave an order — we could see him pointing with his hand — and at once his men spurred on their horses and began to surround us. My father plunged his spurs into his horse's sides. "Come on, Jock," he shouted, "sit tight and be a man. If we can only get over the hill, they'll pay for this yet."

I shall remember that race to my dying day. It appeared to last for hours, though it could not have been more than ten minutes. All the blood in my body seemed to be pounding and surging in my head. The green grass and the sky flew past me, all mixed up together, while behind, and on all sides, came the pit-pat of horses' feet. Then some one seized my pony's rein and brought him up with a jerk, and my father and I were sitting in the midst of two hundred armed riders. The leader, a tall man with a thin cunning face, regarded us with a triumphant smile.

"By my troth, neatly caught!" he said. "Who would have thought that Kinmont Willie would have been such a fool as to venture so far from home without an escort? Thou shalt ride to Carlisle right well attended, and shalt never lack a guard again till thou partest with thy life at Haribee."

Haribee! As the word fell on my ear, the men and horses seemed to whirl round and round. They could not hang my father — they dare not! He had been declared an outlaw, it was true, yet —

"'Tis a day of truce," I gasped with dry lips; but the men around me only laughed.

"Thou art well named, thou false Sakelde," I heard my father say, and his voice shook with fury, "for no man of honor would break the king's truce in this way."

But Sakelde answered by giving orders to his men to bind their prisoner, saying, "I warrant Lord Scroope will be too glad to see thee to think much about the truce. We need not hang thee for a couple of days. The walls of Carlisle Castle are thick enough to guard thee till then."

So they tied my father's hands and feet, and fastened his bridle rein to that of a trooper, and the word was given to move forward at a sharp pace. I followed with a heavy heart. No attention was paid to me and I might easily have escaped, but I wanted to stay near my father as long as I could.

At dusk we stopped by a stream to water the horses. Suddenly I heard my father's voice above the jesting of the troopers.

"Let me say good-by to my eldest son," he said, "and send him home."

After a moment's pause, the English leader answered, "Let the boy speak to him and then go back."

A way was opened for me and a trooper lifted me up so that I could scramble to the big horse's neck.

My father could not move, but he looked down at me with all the anger gone out of his face, and a look on it which I had seen there only once before; that was when he lifted me up on his knee after my mother died and told me that I must do my best to help him, and try to look after the little ones.

That look upset me altogether, and forgetting the eyes that watched us, and the fact that I was eleven years old and almost a man, I threw my arms round his neck and kissed him again and again, sobbing like any bairn.

"Ride home, laddie, and God be with ye. Remember, if I fall, thou art the head of the house, and see that ye do honor to the name," he said aloud. Then he

signed to me to go, and just as I was clambering down, he bent down over me. "If thou could'st but get word to the Lord of Buccleuch, laddie, 'tis my only chance. They dare not touch me for two days yet. Tell him I was taken by treachery at the time of truce."

The whisper was so low I could hardly hear it. Yet in a moment I understood, and my heart beat until I thought that the whole of Sakelde's troopers must read my secret in my face as I passed on to the place where my pony stood.

I took the rein from the man who had held it, and then watched the body of riders as they splashed through the ford into the twilight, leaving me alone.

As I thought of the work before me, a ray of hope stole into my heart. True, it was more than twenty miles to Branksome Tower, where my Lord of Buccleuch lived, and I did not know the road, which lay over the wildest hills of the Border. But I knew that he was a great man, Warden of the Scottish Marches, and at his bidding the whole countryside would rise to a man. 'Twas well known that he bore no love to the English, and when he knew that my father had been taken in time of truce! Fierce anger rose in my heart at the thought, and burying my face in my pony's rough coat, I vowed to be at Branksome by the morning, or die in the attempt.

II

Although I had been down the Liddle as far as the ford once or twice before, it had always been in daylight, and with my father. Still I knew that if I kept close to the river I was all right for the first few miles, until the valley narrowed in, and then I must strike off into the high hills.

It was already too dark to ride and I knew the moon would not be up for a couple of hours — so until then I could not make much progress. I set off, leading my pony, but it was slow work. By the time we had gone perhaps four or five miles, I had almost lost heart. I was tired and cold, and it seemed to me that half the night must be gone. At last I struck a narrow road, and following it for a hundred yards or so, I saw a light which seemed to come from a cottage window.

Tying my pony to a tree, I crept up and looked in. An old woman sat alone by the fire spinning. Seeing that all was safe, I now knocked boldly. The old dame, when she learned my errand, took me in kindly, set me down to a bowl of steaming porridge, and made me take off my shoes to dry. Then tying on her hood, she walked with me a mile or two until we struck the trail, leaving me with full directions and a hearty godspeed.

I turned my pony's head to the hills and struck off at a brisk canter. He was a willing little beast and now mightily refreshed by the good dame's hay. The moon was up and we made steady progress, but the way was

long and lonely and once or twice I nearly lost courage. Once my pony stumbled, throwing me clean over his head, and once I missed the trail and rode straight into a bog, where the pony was near sticking altogether.

The sun was up before I left the hills. Urging on my tired pony, I cantered down the levels and came at last in sight of the towers of Branksome. I rode up to the great doorway and knocked, with my heart in my mouth.

An old servant asked my message and led me to a hall where crowds of squires and men at arms stood round a table, laughing and jesting. There was a silence as the door opened and the servant announced in a loud voice that a message had arrived from William Armstrong of Kinmont; but when he stepped aside, and they saw a little eleven-year-old lad, a loud laugh went round the hall.

The old servant gave me a kindly nudge.

"Yonder is my Lord of Buccleuch," he said, pointing to the head of the table. "Go up, lad, and speak your message boldly."

I did as I was told, though I felt my cheeks burn as I walked up the long hall and knelt, cap in hand, before the stern young Lord of Buccleuch. He leaned forward and spoke kindly enough to me.

"So thou comest from Armstrong of Kinmont, boy; and had Kinmont Willie no better messenger at hand, that he had to fall back on a lad like thee?"

"There were plenty of men at Kinmont," I answered,

"if I had had time to seek them. But a man called Sakelde hath taken my father prisoner, and I have ridden all night to tell thee. He is likely to be hanged the day after to-morrow, if thou canst not save him."

Buccleuch put his arm round me, and spoke slowly, as one would speak to a bairn.

"And who is thy father, little man?"

"Kinmont Willie," I gasped, "and he was taken last night, in truce time."

I felt the arm that was round me stiffen, and there was silence for a moment. Then my lord let his clenched fist fall heavily on the table. "My Lord of Scroope shall answer for this," he cried. "Hath he forgotten that the Bold Buccleuch is Keeper o' the Scottish Marches, to see that justice is done to high and low?"

He gave some quick, sharp orders, and ten or twelve men left the room, and a minute later I saw them galloping out of the courtyard. At the sight, my heart lightened, for I knew that these men had gone to carry the tidings far and wide, and to call the men of the Border to ride to the rescue.

"Thou art a brave lad," said the Warden, after I had told him the whole story, "and I would fain have thee for one of my pages. We must tell thy father how well thou hast carried the message, and ask him if he can spare thee for a year or two."

At any other time my heart would have leapt at this unheard-of good fortune, for to be a page in the Warden's

household was the ambition of every well-born lad on the Border; but at the moment I felt as if Buccleuch hardly realized my father's danger.

"But he is lodged in Carlisle Castle, and men say the walls are thick," I said anxiously, "and it is garrisoned by my Lord Scroope's soldiers."

The Warden laughed.

"We will teach my Lord Scroope that there is no bird's nest that the Bold Buccleuch dare not harry," he said, and seeing the look on his face, I was content.

Then, noticing how weary I was, he called one of the older pages, and bade him see that I had food and rest.

III

I must have slept the whole day, for the little room was almost dark and the rain was beating wildly on the window, when a page came to call me.

"My lord hath given orders for the horses to be saddled," he said. "I was sent to fetch thee."

I followed him quickly to the great hall. There all was in confusion. Armed men stood about, snatching a hasty meal. Buccleuch was in the midst of them, booted and spurred. When he caught sight of me, he called out and asked if I wished to go. When I said "yes," he bade Red Rowan take me up in front of him. I was about to protest that I could ride by myself, but the big trooper persuaded me to do as the Warden said. "'Tis a dark night, laddie, and we ride fast," he said.

I was soon willing to confess he was right, for the horses swung out into the wind and rain and took to the hills at a steady trot. Red Rowan twisted his plaid about me to shelter me from the driving rain, and I must have dozed a little, for it seemed no time before we reached the banks of the Eden. The river was so swollen it seemed madness to cross, but these were not men to be daunted.

With a scramble we were down the bank, and the nags were swimming for dear life. I confess now that I thought my last hour had come, for the swirling water was within an inch of my toes, and I clung to Red Rowan's coat with all the strength I had, and tried to think of my prayers. But it was soon over and we were riding on, with the lights of Carlisle Castle before us.

At some distance we stopped, and forty men dismounted and stepped forward.

In the front were ten men carrying hunting-horns and bugles. Then came ten carrying three or four long ladders; then came other ten, armed with great iron bars and hammers. Only the last ten, among whom were the Warden himself and Red Rowan, were prepared for fighting.

At the word of command they set out, with long steady strides, and as no one noticed me, I went too, running all the time to keep up with them. We stole up to the castle like cats in the darkness, while the roaring of the wind drowned every sound.

At the castle wall the command was given and the ladders were raised. To our bitter disappointment, they were too short. For a moment it seemed that we had ridden all this weary road for nothing.

"It matters not, lads," cried the Warden cheerily. "There are more ways than one of robbing a nest."

Then he bade us wait while he and Red Rowan crept round the walls. Not ten minutes had passed when we heard the bolt drawn from the inside, and the little door was opened by my Lord of Buccleuch himself. They had found an unguarded loophole, had succeeded in pushing out some stones, and had entered. Whereupon

they had caught, bound, and gagged the sentries and had reached the gates.

Once we were inside the courtyard, he ordered the men with the iron bars and hammers to be ready to beat open the doors, and gave the word to the men with the bugles and hunting-horns. Then began such a din as I had never heard before, and have never heard since. The bugles screeched, and the iron bars rang, and above all sounded the wild Border slogan, "Wha dare meddle wi' me?" One would have thought that all the men in Scotland were about the walls, instead of but forty.

And in good faith the people of the castle thought so. After one or two frightened peeps from out of windows, they shut themselves up in their own quarters and left us to beat down door after door, until we came to the prison where my father was chained hand and foot to the wall, like any dog.

At the door my lord caught sight of me. He laid his hand on the men's shoulders and held them back.

"Let the bairn go first," he said; "it is his right, for he has saved him."

I darted across the cell and stood at my father's side. What he said to me I never knew, but I saw that strange look once more on his face, and his eyes were very bright. It was past in a moment, for there was little time to lose. At any instant the English might find out how few in numbers we were, and sally out to cut us off.

With an iron bar Red Rowan pulled out of the wall

the ring to which my father was fastened and, raising him on his back, carried him down the narrow staircase and out through the courtyard.

As we passed under my Lord Scroope's casement, my father, putting all his strength into his voice, called out a lusty "good night" to his lordship, which was echoed by our men with peals of laughter.

Then we hurried on to where the body of troopers were waiting with the horses. The shout that they raised when they saw us coming with my father in the midst of us, might almost have been heard at Branksome itself.

When it died away, we heard another sound which warned us that the castle had gathered its courage, and was calling for aid. Every bell in the city was ringing, and we could see the flash of torches here and there.

The English knew the lay of the land better than we and were at the river before us, well-nigh a thousand of them. Apparently they never dreamed that we would try to swim the torrent, for they were drawn up as if for a battle; but we dashed past them with a yell and plunged into the flooded river. The English made no attempt to follow; they sat on their horses, glowering at us in the dim light with never a word.

Then my Lord of Buccleuch raised himself in his stirrups and, pulling off his right glove, flung it with all his might across the river. "Take that, my Lord of Scroope," he cried; "mayhap 'twill cure thee of thy

treachery. If thou likest not my mode of visiting at thy Castle of Carlisle, thou canst call and lodge thy complaint at Branksome at thy leisure."

Then, with a laugh, he turned his horse's head and led us homeward, as the sun was rising and the world was waking up to another day.

A Tale of Scottish Minstrelsy

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Robert Burns

THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH

King James V of Scotland had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person. When he traveled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Bal'len giech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the Castle of Stirling.

Once upon a time, when the court was feasting in Stirling, the king sent for some venison from the neighboring hills. The deer were killed and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass a castle belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who chanced to have a considerable number of guests with him.

It was late and the company were rather short of victuals. The chief, seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it; and to the protests of the keepers, who told him that it belonged to King James, he answered insolently that if James was king in Scotland, he was king in Kippen; that being the name of the district in which his castle lay.

On hearing what had happened, the king got on horseback and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong, fierce-looking Highlander, with an ax on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door.

This grim warder refused the king admittance, saying that his master was at dinner, and would not be disturbed.

"Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the king, "and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen."

The porter went grumbling into the house and told his master that there was a fellow with a red beard at the gate, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech.

As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the king was come in person, and hastened down to kneel at James's feet, and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behavior. But the king, who only meant to give him a

fright, forgave him freely, and going into the castle, feasted on his own venison.

Upon another occasion, King James, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gypsies and was attacked by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond; so the king got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword.

There was a poor man thrashing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle. Seeing one man defending himself against numbers, he gallantly took the king's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gypsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the king into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked.

On the way the king asked his companion what and who he was. The laborer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he worked on a certain farm, near Cramond, which belonged to the king of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified; and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland if he only owned the farm on which he wrought as a laborer.

He then asked the king, in turn, who *he* was; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of

Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small position at the palace. He added that if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavor to repay his manful assistance, and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and appearing at a gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The king had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend the goodman, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The king, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks.

At length James asked his visitor if he should like to see the king; to which John replied that nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offense. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the king would not be angry.

"But," said John, "how am I to know his Grace from the nobles who will be all about him?"

"Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered — the king alone will wear his hat."

So speaking, King James led the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened and drew close to his attendant; but he was still unable to distinguish the king.

"I told you that you would know him by his wearing his hat," said the conductor.

"Then," said John, after he had again looked around the room, "it must be either you or I, for all but us two are bare-headed."

The king laughed at John's fancy; and in order that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm which he had wished so much to possess.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, — I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men;
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing;

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The water wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

AN ADVENTURE IN A CAVE

One day late in the autumn I was tending our sheep on the banks above the cliffs of Gaulton, lying on the soft green turf with my hands under my chin and looking dreamily across the sea towards the Scotch coast. I had just finished reading the last pages of *Robinson Crusoe*, and the book had fallen from my hand.

Presently something dropped lightly on the grass before my eyes. It was a sprig of sweetbrier. I turned lazily and saw Thora standing by my side. "I was thinking maybe you'd be coming across to see me, one o' these bonny days," I said. "It was good of you to come."

She sat down, and after a moment asked, "Have you ever been in the cave, Halcro? Where is it?"

"I've not been in it," I said; "but I know where it is. Come and I will show you."

I took her out to the headland and pointed out the position of the cavern behind a great rock that hid its entrance.

"Halcro, do you think we could get down there and see the cave?" she asked.

"We can manage it, I think, if you'll try it with me, Thora," I said.

"Indeed I will try it. Do you think I'm afraid?" said she.

Now this adventure that Thora proposed was no small one, for the Gaulton cliffs are among the wildest and most rugged in all Pomona, and they are very steep and dangerous to the climber. Yet Thora was a cool-headed girl, strong of foot and wrist, and very adventurous.

I remember on one occasion, when several of us were bird-nesting together, she happened to get stranded on a corner of rock. I was watching her, and saw that she had the wrong foot foremost. Her position was extremely dangerous, for one false move would have sent her headlong to a frightful death. But holding on with one hand, she coolly took a piece of oat-cake from her pocket and munched it. Then with a quick movement, she changed her position, got safely around the point, and went onward.

"Were you not afraid, Thora?" I asked, when I got near her again.

"If I'd been afraid, Halcro, I would not be here now," she quietly replied.

"I daresay that; but what made you think of eating the bannock when you were in such danger?"

"Well," said she, "I just thought I was needing it."

But with all Thora's daring, I knew the dangers of the Gaulton cliffs too well to allow her to make the descent without climbing-ropes; and when we had decided to explore the cave, I ran home for my lines and an old piece of tar-rope to use as a torch in case we should require a light.

We fastened one end of the climbing-rope firmly around a jutting point of rock, so that the other end, when it was thrown over the brink, would fall as near as possible to the mouth of the cavern. I went down some distance to see that all was right and easy, and then we made the descent together.

Neither of us made much use of the rope, but it was there for Thora to take hold of if she found that she could not get secure hold on the jags of rock for her feet and hands; and I kept close to her to aid her if need be.

A stranger in Orkney might have marveled to see us, a lad and a lass, climbing with such ease about the face of a precipice nearly two hundred feet in height above the rough sea. But the thing

was simple enough to our practiced hands and feet, and the regular layers and shelves of the old red sandstone afforded, for the most part, secure resting-places.

As we got farther down, the seabirds fluttered and screamed around our heads, the boldest even offering to peck at our hands. Once a great gray brent-goose, with a black head and staring eyes, approached Thora with a loud cry and flapped its wide, outstretched wings against her. Thora took hold of the rope tightly with both hands, and placing her feet on a narrow ledge of rock, looked around and frightened the bird away with a shrill "tr-r-r-r."

When we got safely down to within a couple of fathoms of the surface of the clear water, we left the rope and made our way along a strip of stone.

It took some trouble to light our torch, but with the help of wool from my cap as tinder I set to work with flint and steel, and at last we got the tar-rope in a blaze. Thora took the torch in hand and picked her way over the rocky floor, exploring every nook and cranny of the cave.

So rapidly did she skip from stone to stone and climb over the bowlders, that I frequently found it difficult to keep up with her. Sometimes she stooped to lift a stone, and threw it in front of her to discover if there was a clear passage, for the light burned but dimly.

Suddenly she called me to her as though she had made

some new discovery. But as I hurried in the direction whence her voice sounded, I was startled by a loud and piercing scream which filled the cavern. For a moment I fancied it was the shrieking of some monster inhabitant of the cave, and I was about to beat a retreat when I heard my name called again.

"Halcro! Halcro! Help! help!" And then the whole place was in utter darkness, and I heard nothing but the dying echoes and a strange purling of running water.

I made my way as speedily as I could to where I had last seen the lighted torch. As I got farther and farther into the cave, the sound of running water grew more distinct, until I heard it just at my feet. It was not the singing ripple of a shallow brook, but the sound of a deep stream that ran across the cavern. I went down on my knees and put my hand into the water to feel which direction it took, for I did not doubt that my companion had fallen in, and was struggling somewhere in the dark water that was rushing past me.

My first impulse was to throw myself into the stream and swim about until I found her. But this I considered would be vain. So I tried first to find where she was by getting her, if possible, to answer me. I called her several times by name, at the same time following, as well as I could in the darkness, the direction taken by the current. Oh, how I wished we had brought two torches instead of only the one that was now lost!

No response came to my constant cries of "Thora!

Thora!" and I wandered hither and thither in the darkness for what appeared to me fully an hour's time.

Just as I was giving a last look around, I observed a slight movement on the opposite edge of the stream. One hurried glance was enough, for there, not a dozen yards from me, was Thora, clinging to a large piece of rock with her long, fair hair dangling in the stream.

She seemed unconscious of all that was going on around her, and I saw that she could not long keep her dangerous position. Even as I was thinking how best to reach her, I saw her hands suddenly relax their hold upon the rock, and her helpless form floated away with the current.

Without hesitation I plunged into the stream. A few strokes brought me to her side, and with one hand I firmly grasped her by the arm. Then I swam with my burden to the side of the stream from which I had plunged, and clung to the rock until my strength was renewed.

It was with considerable difficulty that I at last managed to raise myself and the girl from the water, and to place her unconscious form upon a flat slab of rock. And now I tried to restore her with such simple skill as I could command. This was a task I was little fitted for; but at length I had the satisfaction of hearing her draw a deep breath and utter my name.

I found it no easy thing to carry Thora in my arms to the mouth of the cave, and many halts did I make by the way, trying to discover the light that should tell me that our peril was over. Before we had gone very far,

however, she was conscious enough to help me. By our united efforts we at length got so far on our right way as to come in sight of the light of day, and thereafter our journey was easy. The evening breeze that met us revived my companion, and she was able to stand up and thank me for delivering her from her dangerous plight.

Having thus far gotten out of the cave, there remained yet the difficulty of climbing up the cliff in the twilight. If I could get Thora as far as the rope, I felt that the rest would be comparatively easy. But she was very weak and cold, and I feared for the result. Fortunately, the shelf of rock along which we had to pass was sufficiently wide for us to walk along by clinging to the cliff.

When the rope was reached, I bound it several times round her waist and secured it firmly under her arms. Being assured that she was then quite safe in her position, I took hold of the higher part of the climbing-rope and with its assistance scaled the crag.

When I reached the top, I gave Thora the signal, and by hauling the rope up with all my strength I helped her to ascend. It was a long time ere I felt sure that she was safe, but at last I heard her call out that she was all right, and I stretched my hand down to her. She took hold of it, and I assisted her until she stepped once more upon the soft turf. Then, still holding her hand, I led her home, deeply thankful that our adventure had ended without fatality.

ROBERT LEIGHTON

THE MAKING OF RIVER PEBBLES

Let us take a number of pebbles such as come from the bed of a river. We notice that they are of different shapes and of different colors and of many sizes. They are all hard and smooth, but some are smoother than others. Some have faces that are nearly flat, and some are almost as round as marbles. Some are all of the same sort of stone, and others are made up of several different kinds of stone mingled together.

Let us look for the place where these pebbles were found. As we go upstream, we find the pebbles larger and more angular, until at length we find them so heavy that only the swiftest-running waters can move them. The work of wearing river pebbles smooth and round is copied in the making of boys' marbles; and it is worth while to notice how in this, as in many other branches of labor, man succeeds in his tasks by imitating nature.

In making marbles, bits of square stones, all of about the same size and of even hardness, are put into a large drum through which a stream of water flows. This drum turns around like a wheel, causing the stones to rub over each other. The same amount of wear being given to every side, they come out spheres.

It might seem at first that the river pebbles ought to have the same spherical shape as marbles, but we notice that they are usually a little larger one way than they

are the other; and they are often so flattened that they are called "shingle." This is because stones are generally more easily worn in one direction than in the others. They are not equally soft on all sides. As soon as a stone is a little flattened, the water finds it easier to push it along on its side than to roll it over and over; so the water wears the stones into the thin shapes we often find.

Going up the stream, we come to the part of its course where it no longer makes its bed in gravel and sand, but tumbles over the hard rocks. Here we can see the place where the making of the pebbles begins. We see large masses of stone which have been broken out of the cliffs that border the stream. These bits are of all sizes: some of them are so small that the stream sends them bowling along its bed; others are great masses as large as a barrel, or larger, that lie still and force the water to turn out of its way.

When these great masses of stone are very solid, they may last for centuries without being harmed by the stream; but usually there are some very slight crevices in the stone into which the water finds its way. During the summer season the water can do little, but when the intense cold of winter comes, and all the stream is frozen to its bottom, this water in the crevices also freezes, and in so doing exerts power enough to split the stone in two.

The ice has this force because water in freezing must expand by one seventh its bulk; to get this greater space, it will push things apart slowly, but with all the force of

gunpowder. A bomb-shell can be broken by filling it with water, plugging up the hole with an iron screw, and putting it out of doors of a winter's night when the thermometer goes below zero.

This rending by the frost will soon break up most rocks into bits that the river, in its floodtimes, can drive

down its bed. But generally the stream goes less swiftly as it descends toward the sea, so that the stone is urged forward with less force than is necessary to move it. When this happens, it lies awhile until the frosts of other winters have divided it again.

NATHANIEL S. SHALER

THE BROOK

I

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

II

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

III

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

IV

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;

I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

LIGHT

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the center and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.

JOHN MILTON

A LETTER FROM LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON

This letter was written in England about the year 1740.

Wednesday.

DEAR BOY:

You behaved yourself so well at Mr. Boden's last Sunday, that you justly deserve commendation. Besides you encourage me to give you some rules of politeness and good breeding, being persuaded that you will observe them. Know, then, that as learning, honor, and virtue are absolutely necessary to gain you the esteem and admiration of mankind, politeness and good breeding are equally necessary to make you welcome and agreeable in conversation and common life.

There are some general rules of good breeding that hold always true, and in all cases. As, for example, it is always extremely rude to answer only Yes or No to anybody, without adding, Sir, my Lord, or Madam, according to the quality of the person you speak to.

It is likewise extremely rude not to give the proper attention, and a civil answer, when people speak to you; or to go away, or be doing something else, while they are speaking to you; for that convinces them that you despise them, and do not think it worth your while to hear or answer what they say.

I dare say I need not tell you how rude it is to take the best place in the room, or to seize immediately upon what you like at table, without offering first to help others, as if you considered nobody but yourself. On the contrary, you should always endeavor to procure all the conveniences you can to the people you are with.

Besides being civil, which is absolutely necessary, the perfection of good breeding is, to be civil with ease, and in a gentlemanlike manner. But, pray, do you remember never to be ashamed of doing what is right; you would have a great deal to be ashamed of if you were *not* civil, but what reason can you have to be ashamed of being civil? And why not say a civil and an obliging thing as easily and as naturally as you would ask what o'clock is it?

Remember, then, that to be civil, and to be civil with ease (which is properly called good-breeding), is the way to be beloved and well received in company; that to be ill-bred and rude is intolerable, and the way to be kicked out of company. As I am sure you will mind and practice all this, I expect that you will not only become the best scholar but the best-bred boy in England of your age. Adieu.

AN OLD LETTER FROM LONDON

London,
May 1, 1808.

Dear Edward,

Tired by traveling the preceding night, I slept soundly, considering the constant noise of coaches and carriages, rattling on the paved stones nearly all night; and the watchmen, who call the time every half hour.

After breakfast we walked from the city to Southwark, and passed by the Monument, which was built to commemorate the dreadful fire of London in 1666. This pillar is 202 feet high.

When I crossed London Bridge, the great number of ships and vessels in the river quite surprised me. The masts were so numerous that they appeared like a wood whose trees had lost their leaves and branches.

We saw some boats pass through the bridge at nearly low water. To me it appeared very dangerous; and my uncle told me that many persons, annually, lose their lives here, by boats oversetting. London Bridge is now in a shattered condition, though great care is taken to repair it frequently.

The Butcher-Row causes an obstruction to passengers here; and women are suffered to drive barrows, with fruit, etc., on the pavement, to the danger of the passing crowd. I observed that walking cutlers were frequently

to be seen, grinding knives and scissors. My ears were filled with the various cries of numerous traders, who walk the streets.

There were women with fruits and flowers; and some little boys were very busy in selling heart-cakes and shoe-strings. One man was very musical in crying the last article, —

"Shoe-strings, a penny a pair! a penny a pair!
Come buy of the maker while he is here."

Water-cresses and ground-ivy were echoed repeatedly; while a man with rabbits, which he carried on a long pole over his shoulder, made more noise than any of the rest. A woman, with painted paper for flags and windmills, was followed by several children; and a disabled sailor cried, —

"Young lambs to sell! young lambs to sell!
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry, 'Young lambs to sell!'"

I assure you that I am not yet weary of this grand city, or of this charming holiday, that I have been so long expecting. With kind remembrances to all my dear friends, I remain,

Yours affectionately,

HENRY

P. S. Please to send up my boots, for a little rain makes London streets very dirty. I must beg you to have the nails taken out of the toes and heels; for though they pre-

vent my slipping in our lands in Norfolk, they might cause me to fall on London streets. I have heard that Bloomfield the poet had a sad fall, on his first arrival in London, owing to the nails in his shoes.

A LETTER FROM ROBERT E. LEE

Written to one of his daughters, November 6, 1864.

This is the first day I have had leisure to answer your letter. I enjoyed it very much at the time of its reception, and have enjoyed it since, but I have often thought of you in the meantime, and have seen you besides. Indeed, I may say, you are never out of my thoughts. I hope you think of me often, and if you could know how earnestly I desire your true happiness, how ardently I pray you may be directed to every good and saved from every evil, you would as sincerely strive for its accomplishment.

Now in your youth you must be careful to discipline your thoughts, words, and actions. Habituate yourself to useful employment, regular improvement, and to the benefit of all those around you. You have had some opportunity of learning the rudiments of your education — not so good as I should have desired, but I am much cheered by the belief that you availed yourself of it — and I think you are now prepared by diligence and study to learn whatever you desire. Do not allow yourself to

forget what you have spent so much time and labor in acquiring, but increase it every day by extended application.

I hope you will embrace in your studies all useful acquisitions. I was much pleased to hear that while at "Bremo" you passed much of your time in reading and music. All accomplishments will enable you to give pleasure, and thus exert a wholesome influence. Never neglect the means of making yourself useful in the world.

I think you will not have to complain of Rob again for neglecting your schoolmates. He has equipped himself with a new uniform from top to toe, and, with a new and handsome horse, is cultivating a marvellous beard and preparing for conquest.

Kiss your sisters for me. Tell them they must keep well, not talk too much, and go to bed early.

Ever your devoted father,

R. E. Lee

Duty is the sublimest word in the English language.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one.

There is a true glory and a true honor; the glory of duty done, the honor of integrity of principle.

Robert E. Lee

THE LITTLE BOY IN THE BALCONY

My special amusement in New York is riding on the elevated railway. It is curious to note how little one can see on the crowded sidewalks of this city. It is simply a rush of the same people — hurrying this way or that on the same errands, doing the same shopping, or eating at the same restaurants.

On the elevated road, however, a new world is opened, full of the most interesting objects. The cars sweep by the upper stories of the houses, and disclose the secrets of a thousand homes, bringing to view people and things never dreamed of by the giddy, restless crowd that sends its impatient murmur from the streets below. In the course of several months' rather steady riding, I have made many acquaintances along the route.

One of these is a boy about six years of age. I first saw this boy on a little balcony about three feet by four, projecting from the window of a poverty-stricken fourth floor. He was leaning over the railing, with his white, thoughtful head just clearing the top, holding a short round stick in his hand.

The little fellow made a pathetic picture, all alone there above the street, so friendless and desolate, and his pale face came between me and my business many a time that day. On going up town that evening just as night was

falling, I saw him still at his place, white and patient and silent.

Every day afterwards I saw him there, always with the short stick in his hand. Occasionally he would walk around the balcony rattling the stick in a solemn manner against the railing, or would poke it across from one corner to another and sit on it. This was the only playing I ever saw him do, and the stick was the only plaything he had.

Gradually the little fellow became a burden to me, and I found myself continually thinking of him. Not that I ever saw any suffering on his face. It was patient, thoughtful, serious, but with never a sign of petulance. What thoughts filled that young head; what complaint or questioning were living behind that white face — no one could guess.

One day as I passed, I nodded at him. He made no sign in return. I repeated the nod on another trip, waving my hand at him; but without avail. At length, in response to an unusually winning exhortation, his pale lips trembled into a smile — but a smile that was soberness itself.

Wherever I went that day, that smile went with me. Wherever I saw children playing in the parks, or trotting along with their hands nestled in strong fingers that guided and protected, I thought of that tiny watcher in the balcony — joyless, friendless, a desolate mite, hanging between the blue sky and the gladsome streets, lifting

his wistful face now to the peaceful heights of the one, and now looking with grave wonder on the ceaseless tumult of the other.

At length — but why go any further? Why is it necessary to tell that the boy had no father, that his mother was bedridden from his birth, and that his sister pasted labels in a drug-house, and he was thus left to himself all day?

It is sufficient to say that I went to Coney Island yesterday, and forgot the heat in the sharp saline breezes as I watched the bathers and the children; listened to the crisp lingering music of the waves as they sang to the beach; ate a robust lunch on the pier; wandered in and out among the booths, tents, and hubbub — and that through all these pleasures, I had a companion who enjoyed them with a gravity that I can never hope to emulate, but with a soulfulness that was touching.

And as I came back in the boat, with the breezes singing through the cordage, music floating from the forecdeck, and the sun lighting with its dying rays the shipping that covered the river, there was sitting in front of me a very pale but very happy bit of a boy, open-eyed with wonder, but sober and self-contained, clasping tightly in his little fingers a short battered stick.

Whenever I pass a certain overhanging balcony now, I am sure of a smile from an intimate and esteemed friend who lives there.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

INDEPENDENCE BELL

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people,
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered, each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of chestnuts
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" — "Stifle, then:
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal —
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled;
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

Aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
Till his eye should catch the signal
Of the happy news to tell.

See! oh, see! the dense crowd quivers
All along the lengthening line,
As the boy from out the portal
Rushes forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry.

"Ring!" he shouts aloud; "ring! Grandpa!
Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!"
Instantly, upon the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm, gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose;
And from out the flames, like Phœnix,
Glorious Liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living — ever young.
And whene'er we greet the sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out our independence,
Which, please God, shall never die!

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
  And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck — once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished foe,

When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below —
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail;
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

STAND BY THE FLAG

Stand by the flag! On land and ocean billow
By it your fathers stood unmoved and true,
Living, defended — dying, from their pillow,
With their last blessing, passed it on to you.

Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning!
Believe with courage firm, and faith sublime,
That it will float, until the eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of Time!

JOHN NICHOLS WILDER

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(Born in 1804; died in 1864.)

Some of the best and most interesting books for children are those written by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Sometimes he wrote stories about the people who lived in New England when it was first settled. He told wonderful stories, too, about the old Greek heroes in the days when Jupiter and the other gods and goddesses were supposed to rule the world.

The Hawthorne family had lived in the town of Salem, Massachusetts, ever since the first settlers came from England, and there Nathaniel was born in the year 1804. His father, who was a sea captain, died when the boy was only four years old. After that, Mrs. Hawthorne and her three children lived a very quiet, lonely life.

Nathaniel was a shy boy, who would rather read than play with other children. He liked to go off alone fishing or walking in the woods.

When he was fourteen years old, the family went to live for a while at the home of an uncle in Maine. It was a lonely place on the shore of a beautiful lake. There Nathaniel lived "as free as a bird of the air," roaming through the woods with gun and fishing rod, skating by moonlight on the lake, and learning much about the ways of nature. He read a great deal, and spent many a rainy day and winter evening stretched out before the open fire with a book. But he did not go to school or have any regular studying.

The next year, however, he went back to Salem and began to study hard so that he could go to college.

At this time Nathaniel became anxious about his future career. He wrote a letter to his mother about it. He had no inclination for the ministry, he said; he could not be a doctor, and there were already too many lawyers. He suggested at the end, half in fun, that if he were only rich enough he might be an author. "But," he added, "they are always poor."

He had already tried his hand at writing. He often wrote verses for his sisters, and when he was sixteen, he started a family newspaper. He called it "The Spectator." It was printed by hand with pen and ink and was filled with family news and fun.

Hawthorne went to Bowdoin College and was a member

of the famous class of 1825, which also included the poet, Henry W. Longfellow. Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the United States, was another of his classmates and friends.

After graduating from college, he went home to Salem, full of ambitions to become an author. He shut himself up in the old house and, day after day, read and wrote and studied. For twelve years he led a solitary life, scarcely ever going out among people.

He wrote many stories, and sent some of them to magazines, but only a few were published. They brought him little money and no fame. Most of what he wrote he tore up. It was a very discouraging time, but Hawthorne kept steadily at his task.

When he was thirty-two years old, a collection of his stories was published by the help of a college friend. The book sold well and people began to take notice of this new writer; but he still had to wait long and patiently for success and fame.

All his life Hawthorne was poor. He always had to work, and he did a great deal besides writing. He worked in the Custom House at Boston; he tried farming; and later he held a position in the Salem Custom House.

Meanwhile he married, and in the happinesss of his home he forgot his discouragement. For a time he lived in Concord, Massachusetts, the home of many famous literary men. While there, the Hawthornes lived in a house beside the river called the "Old Manse."

But although Hawthorne worked hard and had a great deal of trouble, it is good to know that, unlike many great writers, he did win fame and honor in his lifetime. He wrote several great novels which made people both in England and in America eager to read all his writings.

The books that he wrote for children are just as interesting to-day as when he first told the stories to his own boys and girls. He and his children were great friends, and he spent many hours with them, fishing and nutting, flying kites and sailing boats. When you read his stories, you can almost hear him telling them to his own children.

He has written some of the legends and early history of New England in *Mosses from an Old Manse* and *Grandfather's Chair*. In *A Wonder-Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, he tells the old Greek myths in a way that makes boys and girls feel as if they were actually living in a land of enchantment, where very strange and wonderful things happen every day. On page 218 you will find one of these stories, "How Hercules held up the Sky."

The last part of Hawthorne's life was very happy. When he was about fifty years old, his friend, President Pierce, sent him to England as United States consul at Liverpool. After four years in England, he spent two delightful years in Italy.

Upon their return to America, the family went to live again in Concord, and there, among his friends, Hawthorne passed the last years of his life.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to

have about one shilling out of every twenty, to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court — all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers (who were little better than pirates) had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor that, in a few years, his

pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-courting his only daughter. This daughter — whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey — was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself.

With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes — you take her," said he in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridemaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridemaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love and had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey — or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest. The servants tugged

with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full

to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle went

the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair. "Take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

HOW HERCULES HELD UP THE SKY

I

Did you ever hear of the golden apples that grew in the garden of the Hesperides? Ah, those were such apples as would bring a great price, by the bushel, if any of them could be found growing in the orchards of nowadays! But not so much as a seed of those apples exists any longer.

And even in the old, old, half-forgotten times, before the garden of the Hesperides was overrun with weeds, a great many people doubted whether there could be real trees that bore apples of solid gold upon their branches.

All had heard of them, but nobody remembered to have seen any.

Children, nevertheless, used to listen, open-mouthed, to stories of the golden apple tree, and resolved to discover it, when they should be big enough. Adventurous young men, who desired to do a braver thing than any of their fellows, set out in quest of this fruit. Many of them returned no more; none of them brought back the apples. No wonder that they found it impossible to gather them! It is said that there was a dragon beneath the tree, with a hundred terrible heads, fifty of which were always on the watch, while the other fifty slept.

The adventure was once undertaken by a hero who had enjoyed very little peace or rest since he came into the world. At the time of which I am going to speak, he was wandering through the pleasant land of Italy, with a mighty club in his hand, and a bow and quiver slung across his shoulders. He was wrapped in the skin of the biggest and fiercest lion that had ever been seen, and which he himself had killed; and though, on the whole, he was kind and generous and noble, there was a good deal of the lion's fierceness in his heart.

As he went on his way, he continually inquired whether that were the right road to the famous garden. He journeyed on and on, still making the same inquiry, until at last he came to the brink of a river where some beautiful young women sat twining wreaths of flowers.

"Can you tell me, pretty maidens," asked the stranger,

"whether this is the right way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

"The garden of the Hesperides!" cried one. "We thought mortals had been weary of seeking it, after so many disappointments. And pray, adventurous traveler, what do you want there?"

"A certain king, who is my cousin," replied he, "has ordered me to get him three of the golden apples."

"And do you know," asked the damsel who had first spoken, "that a terrible dragon with a hundred heads keeps watch under the golden apple tree?"

"I know it well," answered the stranger calmly. "But from my cradle upwards, it has been my business, and almost my pastime, to deal with serpents and dragons."

The young women looked at his massive club, and at the shaggy lion's skin which he wore, and likewise at his heroic limbs and figure. They whispered to each other that the stranger appeared to be one who might reasonably expect to perform deeds far beyond the might of other men. But, then, the dragon with a hundred heads! What mortal, even if he possessed a hundred lives, could hope to escape the fangs of such a monster?

"Go back," cried they all; "go back to your own home! Your mother, beholding you safe and sound, will shed tears of joy; and what can she do more, should you win ever so great a victory? No matter for the golden apples! No matter for the king, your cruel cousin! We do not wish the dragon with the hundred heads to eat you up!"

The stranger seemed to grow impatient at these remonstrances. He carelessly lifted his mighty club, and let it fall upon a rock that lay half buried in the earth near by. With the force of that idle blow, the great rock was shattered to pieces.

"Do you not believe," said he, looking at the damsels with a smile, "that such a blow would have crushed one of the dragon's hundred heads?"

Then he sat down on the grass, and told them the story of his life, from the day when he was first cradled in a warrior's brazen shield — how two immense serpents

had come gliding over the floor and had opened their hideous jaws to devour him; and he, a baby a few months old, had gripped one of the fierce snakes in each of his little fists, and strangled them to death. He told them also of the time when he had killed a huge lion, almost as big as the one whose vast and shaggy hide he now wore upon his shoulders.

When the stranger had finished the story of his adventures, he looked around at the attentive faces of the maidens.

"Perhaps you may have heard of me before," said he modestly; "my name is Hercules."

"We had already guessed it," replied the maidens; "for your wonderful deeds are known all over the world. We do not think it strange, any longer, that you should set out in quest of the golden apples of the Hesperides."

II

So the maidens bade farewell to Hercules, and he departed and came in time to a great sea. And when he had crossed it, he found himself approaching the shore of what seemed to be an island. And on that island, what do you think he saw?

No; you will never guess it, not if you were to try fifty thousand times. It was a giant!

But such an intolerably big giant! A giant as tall as a mountain; so vast a giant that the clouds rested about

his midst, like a girdle, and hung like a hoary beard from his chin, and flitted before his huge eyes. And most wonderful of all, the giant held up his great hands and appeared to support the sky, which, so far as Hercules could discern through the clouds, was resting upon his head!

When a breeze wafted away the clouds from before the giant's visage, Hercules beheld it, with all its enormous features: eyes each of them as big as yonder lake, a nose a mile long, and a mouth of the same width. It was a countenance terrible from its enormous size, but sad and weary, even as you may see the faces of many people, nowadays, who are compelled to sustain burdens above their strength.

Poor fellow! He had evidently stood there a long while. An ancient forest had been growing and decaying around his feet; and oak trees, six or seven centuries old, had sprung from the acorn and forced themselves between his toes.

The giant now looked down from the far height of his great eyes, and perceiving Hercules, roared out in a voice that resembled thunder, "Who are you, down at my feet there?"

"I am Hercules," thundered back the hero, in a voice pretty nearly as loud as the giant's own. "And I am seeking for the garden of the Hesperides!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared the giant, in a fit of immense laughter. "That is a wise adventure, truly!"

"And why not?" cried Hercules, getting a little angry at the giant's mirth. "Do you think I am afraid of the dragon with a hundred heads?"

Just at this time, while they were talking together, some black clouds gathered about the giant, and burst into a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, so that Hercules found it impossible to distinguish a word. Only the giant's immeasurable legs were to be seen, standing up into the darkness of the tempest.

At last the storm swept over, as suddenly as it had come. And there again was the clear sky, and the weary giant holding it up, and the pleasant sunshine beaming over his vast height. So far above the shower had been his head, that not a hair of it was moistened by the raindrops!

When the giant could see Hercules still standing on the seashore, he roared out to him anew. "I am Atlas, the mightiest giant in the world. And I hold the sky upon my head!"

"So I see," answered Hercules. "But can you show me the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

"What do you want there?" asked the giant.

"I want three of the golden apples," shouted Hercules, "for my cousin, the king."

"There is nobody but myself," quoth the giant, "who can go to the garden of the Hesperides and gather the golden apples. If it were not for this little business of holding up the sky, I would make half a dozen steps across the sea, and get them for you."

"You are very kind," replied Hercules. "And cannot you rest the sky upon a mountain?"

"None of them are quite high enough," said Atlas, shaking his head. "But if you were to take your stand on the summit of that nearest one, your head would be pretty nearly on a level with mine. You seem to be a fellow of some strength. What if you should take my burden on your shoulders while I do your errand for you?"

Hercules, as you must remember, was a remarkably strong man; and though it certainly requires a great deal of muscular power to uphold the sky, yet, if any mortal could do it, he was the one. Nevertheless, it seemed so difficult an undertaking that, for the first time in his life, he hesitated.

"Is the sky very heavy?" he inquired.

"Why, not particularly so, at first," answered the giant, shrugging his shoulders. "But it gets to be a little burdensome after a thousand years!"

"And how long a time," asked the hero, "will it take you to get the golden apples?"

"Oh, that will be done in a few moments," cried Atlas. "I shall take ten or fifteen miles at a stride, and be at the garden and back before your shoulders begin to ache."

"Well, then," answered Hercules, "I will climb the mountain behind you there, and relieve you of your burden."

The truth is, Hercules had a kind heart of his own, and

considered that he should be doing the giant a favor by allowing him this opportunity for a ramble. And, besides, he thought it would be still more for his own glory, if he could boast of upholding the sky, instead of doing so ordinary a thing as to conquer a dragon with a hundred heads. Accordingly, without more words, the sky was shifted from the shoulders of Atlas and placed upon those of Hercules.

When this was safely accomplished, the first thing that the giant did was to stretch himself; and you may imagine what a prodigious spectacle he was then. Next, he slowly lifted one of his feet out of the forest that had grown up around it; then the other. Then, all at once, he began to caper, and leap, and dance, for joy at his freedom. Then he laughed—"Ho! ho! ho!"—with a thunderous roar that was echoed from the mountains, far and near, as if they and the giant had been so many rejoicing brothers.

When his joy had a little subsided, he stepped into the sea; ten miles at the first stride, which brought him mid-leg deep; and ten miles at the second, when the water came just above his knees; and ten more at the third, by which he was immersed nearly to his waist. This was the greatest depth of the sea.

Hercules watched the giant, as he still went onward; for it was really a wonderful sight, this immense form, more than thirty miles off, half hidden in the ocean, but with his upper half as tall, and misty, and blue, as a dis-

tant mountain. At last the gigantic shape faded entirely from view. And now Hercules began to consider what he should do, in case Atlas should be drowned in the sea, or if he were to be stung to death by the dragon with the hundred heads, which guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides. If any such misfortune were to happen, how could he ever get rid of the sky? And, by the bye, its weight began already to be a little troublesome to his head and shoulders.

"I really pity the poor giant," thought Hercules. "If it wearies me so much in ten minutes, how must it have wearied him in a thousand years!"

I know not how long it was before, to his unspeakable joy, he beheld the huge shape of the giant, like a cloud, on the far-off edge of the sea. At his nearer approach, Atlas held up his hand, in which Hercules could perceive three magnificent golden apples, as big as pumpkins, all hanging from one branch.

"I am glad to see you again," shouted Hercules, when the giant was within hearing. "So you have the golden apples?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Atlas; "and very fair apples they are. I took the finest that grew on the tree, I assure you. Ah! it is a beautiful spot, that garden of the Hesperides. Yes; and the dragon with a hundred heads is a sight worth any man's seeing. After all, you had better have gone for the apples yourself."

"No matter," replied Hercules. "You have had a

pleasant ramble, and have done the business as well as I could. I heartily thank you for your trouble. And now, as I have a long way to go, and am rather in haste, — and as the king, my cousin, is anxious to receive the golden apples, — will you be kind enough to take the sky off my shoulders again?"

"Why, as to that," said the giant, chucking the golden apples into the air, twenty miles high, or thereabouts, and catching them as they came down, — "as to that, my good friend, I consider you a little unreasonable. Cannot I carry the golden apples to the king, your cousin, much more quickly than you could? As his Majesty is in such a hurry to get them, I promise you to take my longest strides. And besides, I have no fancy for burdening myself with the sky, just now."

Here Hercules grew impatient and gave a shrug of his shoulders. It being now twilight, you might have seen two or three stars tumble out of their places. Everybody on earth looked upward in affright, thinking that the sky must be going to fall next.

"Oh, that will never do!" cried Giant Atlas, with a great roar of laughter. "I have not let fall so many stars within the last five centuries. By the time you have stood there as long as I did, you will learn patience."

"What!" shouted Hercules, very wrathfully, "do you intend to make me bear this burden forever?"

"We will see about that, one of these days," answered the giant. "At all events, you ought not to complain

if you have to bear it the next hundred years, or perhaps the next thousand. I bore it a good while longer, in spite of the backache. Well, then, after a thousand years, if I happen to feel in the mood, we may possibly shift about again. You are certainly a very strong man, and can never have a better opportunity to prove it. Posterity will talk of you, I warrant!"

"A fig for its talk!" cried Hercules, with another hitch of his shoulders. "Just take the sky upon your head one instant, will you? I want to make a cushion of my lion's skin, for the weight to rest upon. It really chafes me, and will cause unnecessary inconvenience in so many centuries as I am to stand here."

"That's no more than fair, and I'll do it!" quoth the giant; for he had no unkind feelings towards Hercules. "For just five minutes, then, I'll take back the sky. Only for five minutes, recollect! I have no idea of spending another thousand years as I spent the last. Variety is the spice of life, say I."

Ah, the thick-witted old rogue of a giant! He threw down the golden apples, and received back the sky, from the head and shoulders of Hercules, upon his own, where it rightly belonged. And Hercules picked up the three golden apples, and straightway set out on his journey homeward, without paying the slightest heed to the thundering tones of the giant, who bellowed after him to come back. Another forest sprang up around his feet, and grew ancient there; and again might be seen oak

trees, six or seven centuries old, that had grown betwixt his enormous toes.

And there stands the giant, to this day; or, at any rate, there stands a mountain as tall as he, which bears his name; and when the thunder rumbles about its summit, we may imagine it to be the voice of Giant Atlas, bellowing after Hercules.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (*Abridged*)

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
  Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
  There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
  Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
  Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE OWL CRITIC

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop:
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is;
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology,
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.

Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over the town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws.

"Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird

In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that bird really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed *him* doesn't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,

Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, any way;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray,
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

JAMES T. FIELDS

THOR'S WONDERFUL JOURNEY

I

THE ADVENTURE IN THE FOREST

Thor made many journeys and had many strange adventures; but there was one journey which was more wonderful than all the others.

One morning, just as the sun was beginning to shine through the mists that overhung the world, the gates of Asgard opened and Thor's chariot, drawn by two goats, rattled along the road. Thor and Loki, with a single attendant, were off for a journey.

Thor had decided to go to Jotunheim, and all the morn-

ing they traveled eastward until they reached the shore of the sea. They crossed the wide waters quickly and climbed up on the farther shore of Jotunheim.

Thor led the way, and they soon entered a deep forest through which they traveled until nightfall. As night came on, they looked about for shelter, and came upon an immense building with a whole side opening into a great room off which they found five smaller rooms. This was just what they wanted, although they could not imagine why any one had built a house in that lonely place. After supper, weary with the long journey, they were soon in a deep sleep.

Three or four hours went by quietly enough, but about midnight they were suddenly awakened by an awful roar, which shook the building to its foundations and made the whole earth tremble. Thor called the others and told them to go into the farther rooms. Half dead with fright, they did so, but Thor stretched himself, hammer in hand, at the wide entrance.

As soon as there was light enough to see about him, Thor went into the woods. He had gone but a little way when he came upon an enormous giant, fast asleep, and snoring so loudly that the very trees shook around him. Thor quickly buckled on his belt of strength, and had no sooner done so than the giant awoke and sprang to his feet. The whole earth shook under him, and he towered as far over Thor as a great oak does over the fern that grows at its foot. Thor was never frightened, but he

had never heard of such a giant before and he looked at him with honest surprise.

"Who are you?" he said, after looking up to the great face a minute.

"I am Skrymer," answered the giant, "but I don't need to ask your name. You are Thor. But what have you done with my glove?"

And stretching out his great hand the giant picked up his glove, which was nothing less than the building Thor and the others had spent the night in.

"Would you like to have me travel with you?" continued the giant.

"Certainly," said Thor. Skrymer thereupon untied his sack and took out his breakfast, and the others followed his example, taking care, however, to put a comfortable distance between themselves and their dangerous fellow-traveler.

After breakfast Skrymer proposed that they should put all their provisions into one bag, to which Thor consented, and they started off, the giant tramping on ahead and carrying the sack on his broad back. All day long he walked steadily on, taking such tremendous strides that the others could hardly keep up with him. When night came, he stopped under a great oak.

"There," said he, throwing down the sack; "take that and get some supper; I am going to sleep."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before he began to snore as loudly as the night before. Thor took

the sack, but the harder he tried to loosen the string, the tighter it drew, and with all his strength he could not untie a single knot. Finding he could not get into the

sack, and hearing the giant snore so peacefully at his side, Thor's anger blazed out, and grasping the hammer, he struck the giant full on the head.

Skrymer opened his eyes drowsily. "Did a leaf fall on my head?" he called out sleepily, without getting up.

"Have you had your supper yet, and are you going to bed?"

In a minute he was snoring again. Thor went off and lay down under another oak; but at midnight the giant began to snore so heavily that the forest resounded with the noise. Thor was fairly beside himself with rage, and swinging his hammer struck Skrymer such a tremendous blow that the hammer sank to the handle in his head. The giant opened his eyes and sat up.

"What is the matter now?" he called out; "did an acorn fall on my head? How are you getting on, Thor?"

"Oh, I am just awake," said Thor, stepping back quickly. "It is only midnight, and we may sleep awhile longer."

Thor watched until the giant had fallen asleep again, and just at daybreak dealt him the most terrible blow that he had ever given with the hammer. It flashed through and buried itself out of sight in Skrymer's forehead. The giant sprang on his feet and began to stroke his beard.

"Are there any birds up there?" he asked, looking into the oak. "I thought a feather dropped on my head. Are you awake, Thor? It is full time to dress, and you are near the end of your journey. The city of Utgard is not far off. I heard you whispering together that I was a man of great stature, but you will find much larger men in Utgard.

"Take my advice, and when you get there don't boast

very much, for they will not take boasting from such little fellows as you are. You would do well to turn back and go home while you have a chance; but if you will go on, take the road to the eastward, — my way takes me to the north." And swinging the sack of provisions over his shoulder, Skrymer plunged into the forest and was soon out of sight.

II

The Trials of Strength

Thor and his companions pushed on as fast as they could until noon, when suddenly a great city rose before them, with walls so high that they had to lean back as far as they could to see the top. A great gate, heavily barred, stopped them at the entrance; but they crept between the bars.

After going a little distance they came upon a palace, and the doors being open, they went in. They found themselves in a great hall with long seats on either side, and on these seats rows of gigantic men larger than Skrymer.

When they saw Utgard-Loki, who was the king of that country, they saluted him; but he sat for a long time without taking any notice of them. At last he said, "It is tiresome for travelers to be asked about a long journey; but if I am not mistaken this little fellow is Thor. Perhaps, however, you are really larger than

you seem to be. What feats of strength can you show us? No one is permitted to stay here unless he excels in some difficult thing."

Hearing these words spoken in a very insulting tone, Loki answered loudly, "There is one feat in which no one can equal me, and I am ready to perform it at once. I can devour food faster than any one here."

"Truly, that would be a feat if you could do it," said the scornful king; and he called to a man named Loge to contend with Loki.

A great trough full of meat was placed in the center of the hall, and commencing at either end the contestants began to eat so fast that it is disagreeable even to think of it. They reached the middle of the trough at exactly the same moment; but Loki had eaten only the meat, while Loge had devoured meat, bones, trough, and all. There was nothing left on his side, and Loki had to confess himself beaten.

Now it was Thor's turn to show his wonderful strength.

"Your fame fills all the world, Thor," called out Utgard-Loki, when they had seated themselves on the benches along the great hall. "Give us some proof of your wonderful power."

Thor never waited to be asked a second time.

"I will contend in drinking with any one you may select," was his prompt acceptance of the challenge.

"Well answered," said the king. "Bring out the great horn."

A giant went out, and speedily came back bearing a very deep horn, which the king said his men were compelled to empty as a punishment.

"A good drinker will empty that horn at a single draught," said Utgard-Loki, as it was filled and handed to Thor. "A few men need to drink twice, but only a milksop needs a third pull at it."

Thor thought the horn not over large, although very long, and as he was very thirsty he put it to his lips without further ado. He drank so long and deep that he thought it certainly must be empty, but when he set the horn down and looked into it, he was astonished to find that the liquor rose almost as high as when he set his lips to it.

"That was fairly well drunk," said the king, "but not unusually so. If anybody had told me Thor could do no better than that, I would not have believed him. But of course you will finish it at a second draught."

Thor said nothing, although he was very angry, but setting the horn to his lips a second time he drank longer and deeper than before. When he had stopped to take breath, and looked at it again, he had drunk less than the first time.

"How now, Thor!" cried Utgard-Loki. "You have left more for the third draught than you can manage. If there are no other feats which you can perform better than this, you must not expect to be considered as great here as among the gods."

Thor became very angry when he heard these words, and seizing the horn he drank deep, fast, and furiously until he thought it certainly must be empty. But when he looked into it the liquor had fallen so little that he could hardly see the difference; and he handed it to the cup-bearer, and would drink no more.

"It is plain," spoke up the king in a very insulting tone, "that you are not so strong as we thought you were. You cannot succeed in this strife, certainly; will you try something else?"

"I will certainly try something else," said Thor, who could not understand why he had failed to drain the horn; "but I am sure that even among the gods such draughts would not be counted small. What game do you propose now?

"Oh, a very easy one," replied the king, "which my youngsters here make nothing of; simply to lift a cat from the floor. I should not think of asking you to try it if I did not see that you are much less of a man than I have always supposed."

He had no sooner said this than a large gray cat ran into the hall. Thor put his hand under it and tried to lift it, but the cat arched its back as high as Thor stretched his hands, and, do his best, he could only get one foot off the floor.

"It is just as I expected," cried Utgard-Loki in a loud voice; "the cat is very large, and Thor is a very little fellow compared with the rest of us."

Thor's eyes flashed fire. "Little as I am," he shouted, "I challenge any of you to wrestle with me."

Utgard-Loki looked up and down the benches as if he would call out some one from the two rows of giants. Then he shook his head, saying, "There is no one here who would not think it child's play to wrestle with you; but let some one call in Ellie, my old nurse; she shall try her strength with you. She has brought many a stronger man than you to earth."

An old woman came creeping into the hall, bent, wrinkled, and toothless. Thor seized her, but the tighter his grasp became, the firmer she stood. Her thin arms gripped him like a vise, her strength seemed to grow as she put it forth, and at last after a hard struggle, in which Thor strained every muscle to the breaking point, he sank on one knee.

"That is enough," said Utgard-Loki, and the old woman crept feebly out of the hall, leaving Thor stunned and bewildered in the midst of the silent giants. There were no more trials of strength, and Thor and Loki were generously feasted after their defeat.

The next morning, after they had partaken of a bountiful breakfast of meat and drink, they started on their journey homeward. Utgard-Loki went with them as far as the gate of the city, where he stopped.

"How do you think your journey has turned out?" he asked Thor; "and have you met any men stronger than yourself?"

"I have brought shame upon myself," answered Thor frankly and honestly, after his nature, "and it vexes me to think that you will hereafter speak of me as a weak fellow."

"Now that you are out of the city, I will tell you the truth about these things," said Utgard-Loki. "If I had known how mighty you are, I should never have allowed you to enter the gates, and you may be very sure you will never get in a second time. I have beaten you by deception, not by strength. I have been deluding you from the start.

"I was Skrymer, the giant. In the forest I tied the sack with a tough iron wire in such a way that you could not discern the secret of the knot. Thrice you struck at me with your hammer, and the first blow, though the lightest, would have killed me had it fallen on me; but each time I slipped a mountain between myself and the hammer, and the blows made three deep clefts in its stony sides.

"I have deluded you, too, in all the trials of strength and skill. Loki was very hungry; but he contended against fire itself, which goes like the wind and devours everything in its path. The horn which you strove in vain to empty had its further end in the sea, and so mighty were your draughts that over the wide sea the waters have sunk to the ebb.

"Your strength was no less wonderful when you lifted the cat. When we saw one foot raised from the floor, our

hearts sank in terror, for it was the Midgard serpent, encircling the whole earth, which you really contended against, and you held it aloft so near heaven that the world was hardly inclosed by its folds.

"Most marvelous of all was the wrestling with Ellie, who was none other than old age itself, who sooner or later must bring all things to the ground. We must part, I hope never to meet again; for I can defend myself against you only by spells of magic such as these."

Thor was so enraged when he heard these words that he swung his hammer high in air to crush the lying Utgard-Loki, but he had vanished. When Thor turned to look for the city, he saw only a beautiful plain spreading its blossoming meadows to the far mountains; and he went thoughtfully back to Asgard.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Miölner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

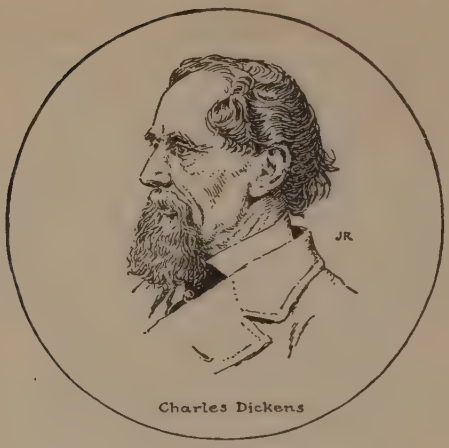
Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's Day!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

PEACE

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
  Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
  There were no need of arsenals or forts.
The warrior's name would be a name abhorred;
  And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
  Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



CHARLES DICKENS

(Born in 1812; died in 1870.)

Charles Dickens was a favorite with children as long as he lived; and he will always be a favorite as long as children read the stories that he wrote. He is often called the novelist of child life, for most of his stories are about boys and girls. He did a great deal to make life pleasanter for poor and unhappy children by helping people to understand what these children suffer.

There were six children in the Dickens family, and Charles was the eldest. He was a small, delicate boy, with a bright face, merry and gentle in his ways, and very fond of reading. He sang comic songs to amuse his brothers and sisters, and told them stories of the wonderful adventures of Aladdin, Robinson Crusoe, and other characters he had read about.

The Dickens children gave little plays at home, and one of these was written by Charles. It was a tragedy called "The Sultan of Turkey," and was no doubt adventurous and bloodthirsty enough to please all his boy friends.

These good times at home did not last long. The family became poorer and poorer until finally the father was put into prison for debt. Charles, who was then only ten years old, had to go to work in a blacking factory in London for six shillings a week, which is equal to about a dollar and a half. He could not even live with the rest of his family, but had to hire a little attic room by himself.

Each morning he walked four miles to the factory, and at night he walked four miles back to his lonely room. Poor little boy! It was a dreary time for him — delicate in health, unused to caring for himself, and left alone in the big city.

"My work," he wrote later, "was to cover the pots of paste-blacking, first with a piece of oil-paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie them round with a string; and then to clip the paper close and neat, all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. When a certain number of gross of pots had attained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label; and then go on again with more pots.

"Two or three other boys were kept at a similar duty. One of them came up, in a ragged apron and paper cap, on the first Monday morning, to show me the trick of

using the string and tying the knot. His name was Bob Fagin; I took the liberty of using his name, long afterwards, in *Oliver Twist.*

"We had half an hour, I think, for tea. The coffee-shop stood near by, and in the door was an oval glass-plate with COFFEE–ROOM painted on it, addressed toward the street. If I ever find myself in a coffee-room now, where there is such an inscription on glass, and read it backward on the wrong side MOOR–EEFFOC (as I often used to do then), a shock goes through my blood."

Six shillings a week was a good deal of money to so small a boy, and on Saturday nights it was a great treat to him to look in at the shop windows, jingle his shillings, and think what they would buy.

"I was so young," he says, "and so childish, and so little qualified to undertake the whole charge of my own existence, that I could not resist the stale pastry put out at half price on trays at the confectioners' doors, and I often spent in that the money I should have kept for my dinner. Then I went without my dinner, or bought a roll, or a slice of pudding. It was a stout, hale pudding, heavy and flabby; with great raisins in it, stuck in whole, at great distances apart. It came up hot, and many and many a day did I dine off it.

"I tried to make my money last the week through, by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting-house, wrapped in six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount, and labeled with a different day.

"I held some station at the warehouse. I knew from the first, that if I could not do my work as well as any of the rest, I could not hold myself above slight and contempt. Bob Fagin and I attained to great skill in tying up the pots. We worked near the window, and we were so brisk at it that the people used to stop and look in. Sometimes there would be quite a little crowd there."

After a year of this work, the father inherited a little money, and Charles was able to join his family, leave his work, and go to school. We can imagine how glad the boy was to get home. All Dickens's bright stories of family life grew out of the great love he had for his own family.

Though this year in the blacking factory was a very hard one, Dickens was grateful, in later life, for all that it taught him. He learned to know and to sympathize with the poor people in London, and to understand how they lived and struggled. This understanding was one of the chief things that afterwards made him a great writer. By writing of the unjust way in which poor people were treated in debtors' prisons, and by employers and landlords, he did more to relieve their sufferings than many great lawmakers and reformers have done.

At school Charles grew much more sturdy, and all his natural merriment now had a chance to bubble up. He became a leader among his playmates, full of fun, though not at all inclined to mischief or unkindness. He helped edit a school paper, which was written on scraps of

copy-books and was sold for bits of slate pencil and marbles.

The boys' desks were the homes of many pets. Birds were kept in desks, drawers, hat-boxes, and elsewhere, but the favorite pets were white mice. One of these mice "lived in the corner of a Latin Dictionary, ran up ladders, shouldered muskets, turned wheels, and even made a creditable appearance on the stage. He might have achieved greater things but for having had the misfortune to mistake his way in a procession, when he fell into a deep inkstand and was dyed black and drowned."

Dickens did not stay long at school. In those days schools were very different from what they are now. Schoolmasters were often ignorant and cruel. The disgraceful condition of these schools was one of the great evils that Dickens helped to correct, by drawing a vivid picture of the school troubles of a little boy in *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Dickens left school, after about three years, to become errand boy and clerk in a law office. He felt quite certain, however, that he did not wish to stay there and become a lawyer, and he soon began to study shorthand. After months of hard work and after poring over books in the reading room of the British Museum, at seventeen he became a reporter. He now felt that he was on the right road. Ever since he was a small boy he had determined to succeed, and perhaps that is why he found success while he was still a young man.

One evening at twilight, he dropped a package, "with fear and trembling, into a dark letter box in a dark corner of a dark court." This package contained a story, and the story was so interesting that it was soon printed in a newspaper. After this first attempt, he wrote many stories and sketches, which he signed "Boz." They were published in 1836 under the title *Sketches by Boz* — and this was Dickens's first book.

He next wrote a series of magazine stories telling of the amusing adventures of a club of London men on visits to the country. These were the *Pickwick Papers*, which made Dickens famous when he was only twenty-five years old. For the rest of his life he wrote constantly, and everything he published was received with enthusiasm.

One of the most popular of his novels is *David Copperfield*. The boy in this story has many of the same experiences that actually happened to Charles Dickens, so that the best way to understand the author's boyhood is to read *David Copperfield*.

The latter part of Dickens's life was very different from his early years. Everywhere he went, people were eager to know him. Twice he visited America to give lectures and to read from his books. His beautiful home at Gadshill, near London, was a merry place, where his children and their young friends had many a good time; and in their games the father was always the merriest of all.

Dickens loved people, and especially children, and wished them all to be healthy and happy. He never

forgot the poverty and hardships of his childhood. In all his books he tried to do what he could to make the English people see the suffering and injustice around them. By his own life and by his books, he made life happier for hosts of people near and far.

HOW MR. PICKWICK UNDERTOOK TO DRIVE

Mr. Pickwick found that his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was already laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, and coffee began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare and the appetites of its consumers.

"Now, about Manor Farm," said Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr. Tupman; and the waiter was summoned.

"Dingley Dell, gentlemen?" said he. "Fifteen miles, gentlemen — cross-road — post-chaise, sir?"

"Post-chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr. Pickwick.

"True, sir — beg your pardon, sir. Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir, seat for two behind, one in front for the gentleman that drives. Oh! beg your pardon, sir, that'll only hold three."

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, sir?" suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle; "very good saddle-horses, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

Now Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings as to his equestrian skill; but as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied, "Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things."

"Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

The waiter retired; and the travelers ascended to their bedrooms, to prepare a change of clothing to take with them on their expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his arrangements and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the people in the street, when the waiter entered and announced that the chaise was ready.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse. An hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse, apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise, ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in, "bless my soul! Who's to drive? I never thought of that."

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.

"Of course," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," said the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, sir; an infant in arms might drive him."

"He doesn't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Shy, sir? He wouldn't shy if he were to meet a wagon-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off."

So Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; and Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch and deposited his feet on a shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, Shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy-hostler, "give the gentleman the ribbons." Shiny Villiam, so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance, placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust the whip into his right.

"Wo-o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped showed a strong inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo-o," echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gentlemen," said the head hostler, encouragingly, as he ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting. "T'other side, sir, if you please."

"Blowed if the gentleman wasn't a-getting up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning post-boy to the waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward feeling that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go," cried the hostler. "Hold him in, sir," and away went the chaise and the saddle horse, with Mr.

Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the strangest manner, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe this, for he was intent on the management of the animal attached to the chaise. Besides constantly jerking his head up, and tugging at the reins to an extent which made it difficult for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular way of darting suddenly to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was impossible to control.

"What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it *looks* very like shying, doesn't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Wo-o!" said that gentleman; "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," cried Mr. Snodgrass, "pick up the whip, there's a good fellow."

Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount. But as soon as he touched the reins, the horse slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle soothingly, "poor fellow, good old horse."

The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery. The more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and

wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes. At the end of that time, each was at just the same distance from the other as when they commenced.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle. "What am I to do; I can't get on him."

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come!" roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick at once threw the reins on his horse's back and descended from his seat. He carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and then stepped back to assist his companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him with the whip in his hand, than he changed his motion, and drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the reins, at a quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come.

Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other in dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise.

The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge; Mr. Snodgrass followed his example. The horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock-still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to rescue their unfortunate companions, and the next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

An hour's walking brought the travelers to a little roadside public-house, with two elm trees, a horse trough, and a sign-post in front. A red-headed man was working in the garden; and to him Mr. Pickwick called lustily, "Hallo, there!"

The red-headed man raised his body, shaded his eyes with his hand, and stared, long and coolly, at Mr. Pickwick and his companions.

"Hallo there!" repeated Mr. Pickwick.

"Hallo," was the red-headed man's reply.

"How far is it to Dingley Dell?"

"Better than seven miles."

"Is it a good road?"

"No." Having uttered this brief reply, the red-headed man resumed his work.

"We want to put this horse up here," said Mr. Pickwick. "I suppose we can, can't we?"

"Want to put that horse up, do ye?" repeated the red-headed man, leaning on his spade.

"Of course," replied Mr. Pickwick, who had by this time advanced, horse in hand, to the garden rails.

"Missus," roared the man with the red head, looking very hard at the horse. "Missus!"

A tall, bony woman responded to the call.

"Can we put this horse up here, my good woman?" asked Mr. Tupman. The woman looked very hard at the whole party, and the red-headed man whispered something in her ear.

"No," replied the woman, "I'm afraid of it."

"Afraid!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, "what's the woman afraid of?"

"It got us into trouble last time," said the woman, turning into the house; "I won't have anything to say to ye."

"Most extraordinary thing I ever met with in my life," said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"I — I — really believe," whispered Mr. Winkle, as his friends gathered round him, "that they think we have come by this horse in some dishonest manner."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, in a storm of indignation. Mr. Winkle repeated his suggestion.

"Hallo, you fellow!" said the angry Mr. Pickwick, "do you think we stole this horse?"

"I'm sure ye did," replied the red-headed man, with a grin. Saying which, he turned into the house and banged the door after him.

"It's like a dream," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, "a hideous dream. The idea of a man's walking about all day, with a dreadful horse that he can't get rid of!" The depressed Pickwickians turned away, with the tall quadruped following slowly at their heels.

It was late in the afternoon when the four friends and their four-footed companion turned into the lane leading to Manor Farm. And even when they were so near the inn their pleasure was greatly dampened as they reflected on their appearance. Torn clothes, lacerated faces, dusty shoes, exhausted looks, and above all, the horse!

Oh, how Mr. Pickwick cursed that horse! He had eyed the noble animal from time to time with looks of hatred and revenge. More than once he had calculated the probable expense he would incur by cutting the horse's throat; and now the temptation to destroy him, or to cast him loose upon the world, rushed upon his mind with tenfold force. He was roused from these thoughts by the sudden appearance of two figures at a turn of the lane. It was Mr. Wardle, and his faithful attendant, the fat boy.

"Why, where *have* you been?" said the hospitable old gentleman; "I've been waiting for you all day. Well, you *do* look tired. What! Scratches! Not hurt, I hope — eh? Well, I *am* glad to hear that, very. So you've been spilt, eh? Never mind. Common accident in these parts. Joe, — take that horse from the gentleman and lead it into the stable."

The fat boy sauntered heavily behind them with the animal; and the old gentleman, condoling with his guests on the day's adventures, led the way to the kitchen.

"We'll have you put to rights here," said the old gentleman, "and then I'll introduce you to the people in the parlor. Now, Jane, a needle and thread here; towels and water, Mary. Come, girls, bustle about."

Three or four girls dispersed in search of the articles needed, while a couple of large-headed males rose from their seats in the chimney-corner, and speedily produced a bottle of blacking and some half-dozen brushes.

"Bustle!" said the old gentleman again, but this was quite unnecessary, for one of the girls poured out the water, and another brought in the towels, and one of the men, suddenly seizing Mr. Pickwick by the leg, brushed away at his boot. The other man shampooed him with a heavy clothes-brush, indulging in that hissing sound which hostlers are wont to produce when engaged in rubbing down a horse.

"Ready?" said the old gentleman inquiringly, when his guests had been washed, mended, and brushed.

"Quite," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Come along, then," and the party, having traversed several dark passages, arrived at the parlor door.

"Welcome," said their hospitable host, throwing it open and stepping forward to announce them. "Welcome, gentlemen, to Manor Farm."

CHARLES DICKENS

TUBAL CAIN

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made," —
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,

Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands,
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

CHARLES MACKAY

THE COMING OF ARTHUR

Long years ago there ruled over Britain a king called Uther Pendragon. A mighty prince was he, and feared by all men.

Now in those days there lived a famous magician named Merlin, so powerful that he could change his form at will, or even make himself invisible; nor was there any place so remote but that he could reach it at once, merely by wishing himself there.

One night Merlin disguised himself as an old man and visited the palace of the king. At the palace, there was a baby prince, only a few days old. Merlin secretly took the child and carried him far away.

Not long afterward, Uther fell sick, and he knew that his end was come. He called together his knights and

barons and said to them, "My death draws near. I charge you, therefore, that ye obey my son even as ye have obeyed me; and my curse be upon him if he claim not the crown when he is a man grown." Then the king turned his face to the wall and died.

Scarcely was Uther laid in his grave before disputes arose. Few of the nobles had seen Arthur or had even heard of him, and not one of them would have been willing to be ruled by a child. Each thought himself fitted to be king, and strengthening his own castle, made war on his neighbors until confusion alone was supreme, and the poor groaned because there was none to help them.

Now when Merlin carried away Arthur, he had known all that would happen, and had taken the child to keep him safe from the fierce barons until he should be of age to rule wisely and well. He gave the child to the care of the good knight Sir Ector to bring up with his son Kay, but revealed not to him that it was the son of their king.

At last, when years had passed and Arthur was grown a tall youth well skilled in knightly exercises, Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and advised him that he should call together at Christmas-time all the chief men of the realm to the great cathedral in London. "For," said Merlin, "there shall be seen a great marvel by which it shall be made clear to all men who is the lawful king of this land."

The Archbishop did as Merlin counseled. He bade

barons and knights come to London to keep the feast, and to pray heaven to send peace to the realm.

The people hastened to obey the Archbishop's commands, and from all sides, barons and knights came riding in. And when they had prayed, and were coming forth from the cathedral, they saw a strange sight. There in the open space before the church stood, on a great stone, an anvil with a sword stuck through it. On the stone were written these words:

Whoso can draw forth this sword,
is rightful King of Britain born.

At once there were fierce quarrels, each man clamoring to be the first to try his fortune, none doubting his success. Then the Archbishop decreed that each should make the venture in turn, from the greatest baron to the least knight. And each in turn, having put forth his utmost strength, failed to move the sword one inch, and drew back ashamed.

So the Archbishop dismissed the company, and having appointed guards to watch over the stone, sent messengers through all the land to give word of great jousts to be held in London at Easter, when each knight could give proof of his skill and courage, and try whether the adventure of the sword was for him.

Among those who rode to London at Easter was good Sir Ector, and with him his son, Sir Kay, newly made a knight, and the young Arthur. When the morn-

ing came that the jousts should begin, Sir Kay and Arthur mounted their horses and set out for the lists; but before they reached the field, Kay looked and saw that he had left his sword behind. Immediately Arthur turned back to fetch it for him, only to find the house fast shut, for all were gone to view the tournament.

Sore vexed was Arthur, fearing lest his brother Kay should lose his chance of gaining glory, till, of a sudden, he bethought him of the sword in the great anvil before the cathedral. Thither he rode with all speed; and the guards having deserted their posts to view the tournament, there was none to forbid him the adventure. He leaped from his horse, seized the hilt, and instantly drew forth the sword as easily as from a scabbard. Then, mounting his horse and thinking no marvel of what he had done, he rode after his brother and handed him the weapon.

When Kay looked at it, he saw at once that it was the wondrous sword from the stone. In great joy he sought his father, and showing it to him, said, "Then must I be King of Britain."

But Sir Ector bade him say how he came by the sword, and when Sir Kay told how Arthur brought it to him, Sir Ector bent his knee to the boy and said, "Sir, I perceive that ye are my king, and here I tender you my homage"; and Kay did as his father.

Then the three sought the Archbishop, to whom they related all that had happened. And he, much marveling,

called the people together to the great stone, and bade Arthur thrust back the sword and draw it forth again in the presence of all, which he did with ease. But an angry murmur arose from the barons, who cried that what

a boy could do, a man could do. So, at the Archbishop's word, the sword was put back, and each man, whether baron or knight, tried in his turn to draw it forth, and failed.

Then, for the third time, Arthur drew forth the sword. Immediately there arose from the people a great shout: "Arthur is King! Arthur is King! We will have no King but Arthur." And though the great barons scowled

and threatened, they fell on their knees before him, while the Archbishop placed the crown upon his head, and swore to obey him faithfully as their lord and sovereign.

Thus Arthur was made king; and to all he did justice, righting wrongs and giving to all their dues. Nor was he forgetful of those that had been his friends; for Kay, whom he loved as a brother, he made chief of his household, and to Sir Ector, his foster father, he gave broad lands.

Then Arthur set himself to restore order throughout his kingdom. To all who would submit and amend their evil ways, he showed kindness; but those who persisted in oppression and wrong he removed, putting in their place others who would deal justly with the people.

And because the land had become overrun with forest during the days of misrule, he cut roads through the thickets, so that no longer wild beasts and men, fiercer than the beasts, should lurk in their gloom, to the harm of the weak and defenseless. Thus it came to pass that soon the peasant plowed his fields in safety, and where there had been wastes, men dwelt again in peace and prosperity.

Among the lesser kings whom Arthur helped to rebuild their towns and restore order was King Le o'de grance. Now Leodegrance had one fair child, his daughter Gui'ne vere; and from the time that first he saw her, Arthur gave her all his love.

So the king sent his knights to Leodegrance, to ask of

him his daughter; and Leodegrance consented, rejoicing to wed her to so good and knightly a king. With great pomp, the princess was conducted to Canterbury, and there the king met her, and they two were wed by the Archbishop in the great cathedral, amid the rejoicings of the people.

On that same day Arthur founded his Order of the Round Table, the fame of which was to endure through all time. Now the Round Table had been made for King Uther Pendragon by Merlin, who had meant thereby to set forth plainly to all men the roundness of the earth. After Uther died, King Leodegrance had possessed it; but when Arthur was wed, he sent it to him as a gift, and great was the king's joy at receiving it.

One hundred and fifty knights might take their places about the Round Table, and for them Merlin made sieges or seats. One hundred and twenty-eight did Arthur knight at that great feast. Thereafter, if any seats were empty, at the high festival of Pentecost new knights were ordained to fill them, and by magic was the name of each knight found inscribed, in letters of gold, in his proper seat.

One seat only remained unoccupied, and that was the Siege Perilous. No knight might occupy it until the coming of Sir Galahad; for, without danger to his life, none might sit there who was not free from all stain of sin.

With pomp and ceremony did each knight take upon

him the vows of true knighthood: **to obey the king; to show mercy to all who asked it; to defend the weak; and for no worldly gain to fight in a wrongful cause.**

And all the knights rejoiced together, doing honor to Arthur and to his queen. Then they rode forth to right the wrong and help the oppressed, and by their aid, the king held his realm in peace, doing justice to all.

BEATRICE CLAY

HOW SIR PERCIVALE WAS TAUGHT CHIVALRY

I

It befell upon a time when King Arthur was overlord of the island of Britain, that Earl Evroc held an earldom of large dominion in the north. The earl had seven sons, the last being but a child still at play about his mother's chair.

Lord Evroc was a valiant and a mighty warrior, and when peace was on the land, he went about jousting in tournaments and fighting champions. His six elder sons did likewise, and all were famed for their knightly prowess.

But the mother sat at home, sad of mood. She hated war, and would rather have had her lord and her six tall sons about her in the home. And in her heart she resolved that she would plead with Evroc to let her have her little son Percivale to be a clerk or a learned bard, so

that he should stay at home with her and run no risk of death.

The sorrow she was ever dreading smote her at length. Four black days came, and on these days messengers arrived with the sad news of the death of her lord and her six boys.

Then, in her grief, the widow dame resolved that she would fly with her little son, and make a home for him in some wilderness, where never sounds nor sights of war would come, where knights would be unknown, and no one would speak of arms and battles. And thus did she do. She left the hall where she had lived, and removed to the deserts and wastes of the wilderness, and took with her only her women, and a few boys and spiritless men, too old or feeble to think of fighting.

Thus she reared the only son left to her, teaching him all manner of nobleness in thought and action and in learning, but never suffering him to see a weapon, nor to hear a tale of war or knightly prowess. He grew up loving all noble things, gentle of speech and bearing, but quick to anger at evil or mean actions, merciful of weak things, and full of pity and tenderness.

Yet was he also very strong of body, fleet of foot, quick of eye and hand. Daily he went to divert himself in the great dark forest that climbed the high mountains beside his home, or he roamed the wide rolling moors. He practiced much with the throwing of stones and sticks, so that with a stick he could hit a small mark at a great dis-

tance, and with a sharp stone he could cut down a sapling at one blow.

One day he saw a flock of his mother's goats in the forest, and near them stood two hinds. The boy wondered greatly to see the two deer which had no horns, while the goats had two each; and he thought they had long run wild and had lost their horns in that way. He thought he would please his mother if he caught them, so that they should not escape again. By his great activity and swiftness he ran the two deer down till they were spent, and then he took them and shut them up in the goat-house in the forest.

Going home, he told his mother and her servants what he had done, and they went to see, and all marveled that he could catch such fleet creatures as the wild red deer.

Once he overheard his mother say that she yearned for fresh venison, but that the hunter who was attached to her house was lying wounded by a wild boar. Always Percivale had wondered what the little dark man did whom they called the hunter. He was always so secret that Percivale could never see where he went or when he returned from the forest.

So he went to the hut where Tod the hunter lay sick, and asked him how he could obtain fresh venison; and the dwarf told him.

Then Percivale took a few sticks of stout wood, with points hardened by fire, and went into the forest as Tod

had told him, and seeing a deer, he hurled a stick at it and slew it. And then he brought it home.

The countess was greatly wroth that Tod had taught the boy how to slay, and she said that never more should the dwarf serve her. And Tod wept; but when he was well again, the countess said he should leave the hall and never come there again.

She commanded Percivale never to slay any more living creatures, and the lad promised. But hard was it to keep his word, when he was in the forest and saw the wild things passing through the brakes.

Once as he strayed deep in the wood, he came upon a wide glade where a great buck was feeding upon the grass. Percivale wondered at this beast and went up to it to stroke it.

The buck was fierce, and would have gored him with its horns, but Percivale seized them, and after a great struggle he threw the animal, and held it down, and in his wrath he would have slain it with a sharp stick. But a swarm of little angry trolls came forth with great cries, and seizing Percivale would have hurt him.

But suddenly Tod ran among them and commanded them to release him. And in the end Tod, who came himself of the troll folk, made the little people pass the words of peace and friendship with Percivale. Ever after that the boy went with the trolls, and sported with them in wrestling, running, and other games. He learned many things of great wisdom from them concerning the secrets

of the earth and air and wind, and the spirits that haunt waste places, and how to put to naught the power of witches and wizards.

Tod bade them treat the young lord with reverence. "For this is he who shall do great deeds," he said. "He shall be a stainless knight, and, if God wills, he shall beat down the evil powers in this land."

II

One day when Percivale was in the forest far up the mountain, he looked across the moor below and saw a man riding on a wide road which he had never noticed before. The man rode very fast, and the sun seemed to flash from him as if he were clothed in glass. Percivale wondered what this stranger was, and resolved to go across the moor to the road he had seen.

When he reached the road, he found it was very broad, and it went straight as the flight of a wild duck right across the moor, and never swerved by the hills or pools, but went over everything in its way. And as he stood marveling what mighty men had builded it, he heard a strange rattling sound behind him, and, turning, he saw three men on horseback, and the sun shone from them as he had seen it shine from the first horseman.

The foremost checked his horse beside Percivale and said, "Tell me, good soul, sawest thou a knight pass this way either this day or yesterday?"

"I know not what a knight is," answered Percivale.

"Such a one as I," said the horseman, smiling good-naturedly, for it was Sir Owen, one of King Arthur's knights.

"If ye will tell me what I ask, I will tell you," said Percivale.

"I will answer gladly," said Sir Owen, smiling, yet wondering at the fearless and noble air of this youth in so wild a waste.

"What is this?" asked Percivale, and pulled the skirt of the hauberk.

"It is a dress made of rings of steel," answered Sir Owen, "which I put on to turn the swords of those I fight."

"And what is it to fight?"

"What strange youth art thou?" asked Sir Owen. "To fight is to do battle with spears or swords, so that you would slay the man that would slay you."

And at length Percivale said, "Sirs, I thank you for your courtesy. Go forward swiftly, for I saw such a one as ye go by here two hours ago, and he flashed in the sun as he rode swiftly. And now I will be as one of you."

Percivale went swiftly back to his mother's house and found her among her women.

"Mother," he said, "I have seen a great and wonderful sight on the road across the moor."

"Ah, my dear son, what was that?" she asked.

"They were three honorable knights," he said. "And, Mother, I will be a knight also."

With a shriek his mother swooned away, and the women turned him from the room and said he had slain his mother.

Much grieved was Percivale that he had hurt his mother, and so, taking his store of pointed sticks, he went off into the forests, and strayed there a long time.

As he wandered, his quick ear caught the clang of metal, though he knew not what it was. And swiftly he ran towards the sound a long way, until he came into a clearing and found two knights on horseback doing mighty battle. One bore a red shield and the other a green one.

He looked eagerly at this strange sight, and the blood sang in his veins. And then he saw that the green knight was of slighter frame than the other, and was weakening before the strokes of the red knight.

Full of anger at the sight, Percivale launched one of his hardwood javelins at the red knight. With such force did it go, and so true was the aim, that it pierced the armor of the knight, and entered between the neck and the head, and the red knight swayed and then clattered to the ground, dead.

The green knight came and thanked Percivale for thus saving his life.

"Are knights so easy to slay?" asked the lad. "Methought that none might pierce through the hauberk of a knight, and I sorrow that I have slain him, not thinking what I did."

"He was a full evil knight," said the other, "and de-

served death richly for his oppression of weak orphans and friendless widows."

The knight took the body of the dead man to be buried in a chapel, and told Percivale he could have the horse. But the lad would not have it, though he longed greatly to possess it, and the green knight took it with him.

Then Percivale went home, sad, yet wild with wonder at what he had done. He found his mother well again, but very sorrowful. And for fear of giving her pain, he did not tell her of the knight he had slain.

She called him to her and said, "Dear son of mine, it seems I may not keep thy fate from thee, whatever fond and foolish plans I made to keep thee from knowledge of battle and weapons. Dear son, dost thou desire to ride forth into the world?"

"Yes, Mother, of a truth," said Percivale. "I shall not be happy until I go."

"Go forward, then," she said, weeping, "and God be with thee, my dear son. And as I have no man who is strong with his hands, thou must go alone; yet will I give thee gold for thy proper garnishing and lodging. But make all haste to the court of King Arthur, for there are the best and the boldest and the most worshipful of knights. The king will give thee knighthood. And wherever thou seest a church, go kneel and repeat thy prayers therein; and if thou hearest an outcry, go quickly and defend the weak, the poor, and the unprotected. Be ever tender towards women, my son, and remember

that thy mother loves thee and prays for thy health and life. And come thou to see me within a little while."

He thanked her, saying he would do naught that should shame her, but would remember all the nobleness of her teaching; also, that he would return to see her within a little while.

Percivale went to the stable and took a bony piebald horse, which seemed the strongest, and he pressed a pallet of straw into the semblance of a saddle, and with pieces of leather and wood he imitated the trappings he had seen on the horses of the knights.

Then after taking leave of his mother, he rode forth, sad at first for leaving her in sorrow and tears, but afterwards glad that now he was going into the world to become a knight. And for armor he had a rough jerkin, old and moth-eaten, and for arms he had a handful of sharp-pointed sticks of hard wood.

He journeyed southwards two days and two nights along the great straight road, which went through the deep dark forests, over desert places, and over the high mountains. And all that time he ate nothing but wild berries, for he had not thought to bring food with him.

III

While Percivale was yet but a little way from the court of King Arthur, a stranger knight, tall and big, in black armor, had ridden into the hall where sat Guinevere, the queen, with a few of the younger knights and her women. The page of the chamber was serving the queen with wine in a golden goblet, which Lancelot had taken from a knight whom he had lately slain.

The stranger knight alighted before the chair of Guinevere, and all saw that his look was full of rage and pride. When he caught sight of the goblet in the hand of Guinevere, he snatched it from her, spilling the wine over her dress and dashing it even into her face.

"This," he said, "is the very goblet which thy knight Sir Lancelot took from my brother. And if any of you knights here desire to wrest this goblet from me, or to avenge the insult I have done your queen, let him come to the meadow beside the ford, and I will slay him."

All the young knights hung their heads as he mounted his horse and rode out of the hall; for it seemed to them that no one would have done so daring an outrage unless he fought with evil magic.

Percivale had already entered the hall, and at sight of him and his rough piebald horse with its queer trappings, and the old jerkin upon the youth, the knights broke forth in laughter.

Percivale took no note of their laughter, but went up

the hall to where Sir Kay stood, wrathful at the outrage on the queen. And Percivale looked about and saw a knight more richly dressed than the others, and turning to Kay, he said, "Tell me, tall man, is that King Arthur yonder?"

"What wouldst thou with Arthur, knave?" asked Kay angrily.

"My mother told me to seek King Arthur," responded Percivale, "and he will give me the honor of knighthood."

"By my faith, thou farmer's churl," said Kay, "thou art richly equipped indeed with horse and arms to have that honor."

Thereupon the others shouted with laughter, and commenced to throw sticks at Percivale, or the bones left by the dogs upon the floor.

Then a dwarf pressed forward between the laughing crowd and saluted Percivale; and the lad rejoiced to recognize him. It was Tod, who had been his friend among the trolls of the mountains, and with Tod was his wife. They had come to the court of Arthur, and had craved harborage there, and the king of his kindness had granted it them. But because the trolls knew of the prophecy concerning the great renown which Percivale was to gain, they had been dumb of speech since they had last seen him.

And now at sight of him their tongues were loosed, and they ran and kissed his feet, and cried together, "The welcome of Heaven be unto thee, goodly Percivale, son of

Earl Evroc! Chief of warriors art thou, and stainless flower of knighthood!"

"Truly," said Kay wrathfully, "thou art an ill-conditioned pair, to remain a year mute at King Arthur's court, and now to acclaim this churl with the moldy coat, chief of warriors and flower of knighthood!"

In his rage he beat Tod the dwarf such a blow that the poor troll fell senseless to the ground.

"Tall man," said Percivale — and men marveled to see the high look on his face and the cold scorn in his eyes — "I will have vengeance on thee for the insult and ill-treatment thou hast done this poor dwarf. But tell me now which of these knights is Arthur?"

"Away with thee," shouted Kay, enraged. "If thou wouldst see Arthur, go to the knight who waits for thee at the ford, and take the goblet from him, and slay him. Then when thou comest back clad in his armor, we will speak further with thee."

"I will do so, angry man," said Percivale, and amid the laughter and sneers of the crowd he turned his horse's head and rode out of the hall.

Going to the meadow beside the ford, he saw a knight riding up and down, proud of his strength and valor.

"Tell me, fellow," said the knight, "didst thou see any one coming after me from the court yonder?"

"The tall man that was there," said Percivale, "bade me come to thee. I am to overthrow thee and take from thee the goblet, and I am to have thy horse and thy arms myself."

"Silence, fool!" shouted the knight, "go back to the court and tell Arthur to come himself, or to send a champion to fight me, or I will not wait, and great will be his shame."

"By my faith," said Percivale, "whether thou art willing or unwilling, it is I that will have thy horse and arms and the goblet."

And he prepared to throw his sharp sticks.

In a proud rage the knight struck him a violent blow between the neck and the shoulder.

"Ha, ha! lad," said Percivale, "that was as shrewd a blow as any the trolls gave me when they taught me

their staff play; but now I will play with thee in my own way." Thereupon he threw one of the pointed sticks with such force and with such sureness of aim that the knight fell from his horse lifeless.

And it befell that a little while after Percivale had left the court, Sir Owen came in, and was told of the shameful wrong put upon the queen by the unknown knight, and how Sir Kay had sent a mad boy after the knight to slay him.

"Now, by my troth," said Owen to Kay, "thou wert a fool to send that foolish lad after the strong knight."

Thereupon Sir Owen made all haste, and rode swiftly to the meadow; but when he reached the place, he found a youth in a moldy old jerkin pulling a coat of rich armor up and down the grass.

"By my faith!" cried Sir Owen, "what art thou doing there, tall youth?"

"This iron coat," said Percivale, stopping as he spoke, "will never come off."

Owen alighted marveling, and went to the knight and found that he was dead. He unloosed the knight's armor and gave it to Percivale.

"Here, good soul," he said, "are horse and armor for thee. And well hast thou merited them, since thou, unarmed, hast slain so powerful a knight as this."

He helped Percivale put on the armor, and when he was fully dressed, Owen marveled to see how nobly he bore himself.

"Now come you with me," he said, "and we will go to King Arthur, and you shall have the honor of knighthood from the good king himself."

"Nay, that will I not," said Percivale, and mounted the dead knight's horse. "But take thou this goblet to the queen, and tell the king that wherever I am, I will be his man, to slay all oppressors, to succor the weak and the wronged, and to aid him in whatever knightly enterprise he may desire my aid. But I will not enter his court until I have encountered the tall man there who sent me hither, to revenge upon him the wrong he did to my friend, Tod the dwarf."

And with this Percivale said farewell and rode off. Sir Owen went back to the court, and told Arthur and the queen all these things. Men marveled who the strange young man could be, and many sought Tod and his wife to question them, but nowhere could they be found.

Greater still was their marveling when, as the weeks passed, knights came and yielded themselves to King Arthur, saying that Percivale had overcome them in knightly combat, and had given them their lives on condition that they go to King Arthur's court and yield themselves up to him and his mercy. And the king and all his court reproved Kay for having driven away so splendid a youth.

HENRY GILBERT

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

To the Teacher. In planning the reading lesson for each day, the teacher should

(1) Set up definite aims which she hopes to accomplish, and

(2) Have a plan of procedure by which to secure these aims and to arouse in the pupil's mind a reason for the study of the selection.

In presenting a *prose* selection, such as "The Apple of Discord" (p. 48), for instance, the *teacher's aims* might be

1. To give the child food for his fancy and imagination.
2. To make the child acquainted with common allusions that have their source in the story.
3. To give the pleasure of reading an interesting story.

While the pupils read silently, the teacher may direct their attention to certain points, so as to realize the aims in her lesson plan. The questions on page 292 show how this general plan may be used in studying "The Apple of Discord."

In teaching a *poem*, such as "The Independence Bell" (p. 204), the *aims* might be

1. To have the child feel the personal element — that is, the thoughts and emotions of the people of the poem.
2. To have the child feel and understand that these people struggled for something that has brought good to us.
3. To awaken love and reverence for the bell as a national memento.
4. To have the pupil see the dramatic pictures in the poem.
5. To have the pupil appreciate effective words and phrases in the poem.

Procedure:

The poem is read aloud by the teacher.

The children tell the story of the poem.

The children then read silently, stanza by stanza, while the teacher directs their attention by questions.

The children read aloud, with the aim of showing how the people felt on that first Independence Day.

The following points also are to be considered in the preparation of the reading lessons:

I. The Thought in the Story and Related Experiences of the Pupils. What is the central thought in the story? What experiences of the pupil will help him to understand and appreciate the story?

II. Getting Mental Pictures from the Story. What scene or action should be made vivid to the pupil? How can he be helped to visualize it?

III. Reading for Expression: Drill on a Few Passages. What passages should be selected for expressive reading? In what part of the story will the pupil most readily put himself in place of the speaker?

IV. The Meaning of Words and Expressions. What expressions are the key to the plot? Which ones should be paraphrased for the pupils? Which words should be looked up in the Word List? The children should be encouraged to get the meanings of words through the context and then verify the meanings by consulting the dictionary. They enjoy looking up words in this way.

V. Words for Drill in Pronunciation. Which words are pronounced carelessly or incorrectly?

The time allotted to reading will not always permit of as much conversation on the subject of the lesson, during the reading period, as teachers and pupils would like. Further opportunity is provided in the language period, when the reading lesson and related experiences furnish valuable material for conversation and composition.

Page 9. Jon of Iceland. I. If you will find Iceland on the map, you can probably tell why Jon never saw oranges and why he knew little about cities. After you have read the first chapter of this story, tell all you can about Jon's life. How is it different from your life?

II. Iceland is an island about the size of the state of Ohio, and five sixths of the land is too rough and barren for people to live on it. There are great stretches of high level land, which are called *table-lands*. Formerly there were many volcanoes in Iceland, but the fires in them were long ago burned out and the volcanoes are *extinct*. The opening at the top of a volcano is called its *crater*. Jon found a place to sleep in a *crevice* or large crack in the crater.

After Jon had found a good pasture for his sheep, how did he spend his days? The story says that he "had a very correct sense of the hours of the day," although he had no watch. How did the sun help him to tell the time of day? Tell the story of Jon's excursion over the great tableland to the north. How did he mark his path? He looked

for large and striking objects to serve as *landmarks;* they were like great signposts showing his road.

III. The travelers were riding through the storm straight towards a *gorge*, which is a narrow rocky cut in the mountains. From what dangers did Jon save them? Why did he say, "I cannot," when they called him? What part of this story do you like best? Can you tell why? Have you ever known a boy or a girl who performed a brave act?

Bayard Taylor, the author of this story, was a great traveler and wrote many books about the lands he visited. One of his most interesting books for young people is *Boys of Other Countries.*

Page 19. How we Paid for Perronet. This story is written as if it were told by the sister of Sandy and Richard. While you read the story, imagine that Perronet is your dog and that you are telling about him and about Our Field. How can you tell that the children in this story live in England? Find out how much of our money is equal to a shilling; an English penny; a halfpenny; two pence; a crown. These children "played at Grace Darling in a life-boat." In Andrew Lang's *True Story Book* you will find the story of how Grace Darling saved some shipwrecked people. Tell about the collection that these English children made. Why was the prize given to them?

Page 29. Giving Thanks. For what things does this poem give thanks? Which do you think is the best of all? Can you think of something better than the things named in the poem?

Page 30. Swimming with a Bear. Who is telling this story? The first sentence makes us think that the man is telling the story because a boy has asked him how he got the scars on his left hand. The French words *dent de lion* are pronounced thus: dôn dẽ lē ôn′. Where are the Sierras? What does the author mean when he says that the grizzly bear "disdains familiarity"? With what "specimen of the bear family" did the boy go in swimming? Was the boy fortunate to meet that kind of bear? Do you like the boy? Notice how modestly he tells the story. This is one of several stories told by Joaquin Miller in *True Bear Stories.*

Page 36. A Cab Horse's Story. As you read this story, try to picture in your mind the sort of man that Jerry was. How can you explain his refusal to take a "tip"? Might all horses, if given the power to talk, tell the same kind of story that Jerry's horse told? Watch

some horses in your neighborhood and try to imagine a story they might tell.

Page 44. Riding a Camel. The jolting or rolling motion of the camel is caused by its putting forward both feet on one side, then both feet on the other side. Watch how a horse walks; watch the motion of a dog and other animals. At the next circus parade that you see, what animal will you want to observe closely? Why? A *mirage* is a strange effect by which the eye seems to see clearly something that does not exist; in the story, the rider thinks he sees a lake or a village, but as he rides on he finds nothing there but the sandy desert.

Page 47. The Ranchman's Ride. The author of this poem began life as a newspaper writer in the East. Later he went to Texas and bought a ranch of 10,000 acres. In riding from one feeding place for his cattle to another, he rejoices in the vast freedom of the great Southwest. Read the poem over and over until you seem to be riding the prairies with him. Perhaps you have seen moving pictures of ranchmen and their horses. Does any part of the poem describe any picture you have seen? The *divide* is a high place between sloping plains. Perhaps the *fragrant tide* is the current of fragrant air blowing over the fields. Compare this ride on the prairies with Jerry's ride with his cab horse in London. Which would you like better?

Page 48. The Apple of Discord and the Mischief that it Wrought.

LESSON PLAN

I. What person in the story do we read about first? Why did the father give his son, Paris, to the shepherd? How did the shepherd carry out the king's instructions? Because of this act of the shepherd, what may happen? Let us see if the story tells us the result of this act. How did the goddess of discord cause Paris to return to Troy?

II. Who was Helen? How did her father protect her? What event led to a fulfillment of the vows made by Helen's suitors?

III. Why was Ulysses unwilling to keep his word? How did he try to avoid going to war? Show how his trick was unsuccessful.

IV. Who was Achilles? What was interesting about this youth? Why were the warriors anxious that Achilles should go to war? Tell how the crafty Ulysses found him.

V. How long was the fight waged around the walls of Troy?

What misfortune befell the Greeks? With Achilles dead, they looked to crafty Ulysses to devise a trick to get within the city. Tell about his trick. What did the Trojans want to do with the wooden horse? Who advised against this? What seemed to prove to the Trojans that the wooden horse ought to be taken within their walls? What happened when they did this? Show how the prophecy about Paris came true.

How does the story help you to understand expressions like these: "crafty as Ulysses," "the crafty Ulysses," "the heel of Achilles," "Helen of Troy," "wooden horse," "apple of discord," "for the fairest," "beware of the Greeks bearing gifts"?

This story of Troy is one of the great stories of the world. The wonderful poem in which the story is told was first sung or chanted nearly three thousand years ago, before men knew how to write. It is thought that most of it was composed by the Greek poet, Homer, who is called the father of poetry. The young people of ancient Greece memorized this poem, the *Iliad*, as a part of their education. After the fall of Troy, Ulysses wandered about for ten years before he reached home, and thus the prophecy mentioned on page 54 was fulfilled. The story of his wanderings is told in another long poem called the *Odyssey*. You will find some of the stories from these poems in Edward Brooks's *Story of the Iliad*, Michael Clarke's *The Story of Troy*, A. J. Church's *Odyssey for Girls and Boys*, Johnstone's *Stories of Greece and Rome*, and other books in the library.

Page 63. The Arrow and the Song. This is one of the most beautiful and best known of the poems written by Longfellow. Memorize it. Try to think why Longfellow wrote it.

Page 64. Winter. What is meant by the "heel of the going year"? What other insects or animals, besides those mentioned in the second stanza, "roll up away from the light" when the frost bites? Read the poem as if you liked the frosty winter days.

Page 65. Old Father Christmas. What does this story tell us about the custom of Christmas trees? Have you noticed how often the children in stories speak about Aladdin? What other children in this book loved the story of Aladdin? Why did the children think they had seen Father Christmas? Was there anything to make them doubt it? Read the story again and notice if the writer has given a

good description of the days before Christmas. Mrs. Ewing, the author of "Old Father Christmas" and "How we Paid for Perronet," has written many books that children like to read.

Page 75. Merry Christmas. Scrooge and his nephew are characters in *A Christmas Carol*, which is one of the most popular of Dickens's stories. With many people, it is a custom to read the story at Christmas time because it is full of the true Christmas spirit. On page 248 of this Reader we shall learn something about the author. Picture the uncle in your mind; the nephew. Try to read their speeches as you think each must have spoken them.

Page 77. Miss Alcott's Story of Her Childhood. Have you read any of Louisa Alcott's books — *Little Women*, *Little Men*, *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, *Jo's Boys?* Her *Little Women* is an interesting story of things that really happened to Louisa and her sisters. She was born in Pennsylvania in 1832, but spent nearly all her life in Boston and Concord, Massachusetts. The first book that she published contained stories which she wrote for her sisters when she was sixteen years old.

What fun did the Alcott children have in their father's library? What things would you have enjoyed doing with Louisa? How does Miss Alcott in her story show the good influence that her father and mother had? What are some of the things she learned from them? What can you tell about the old custom of having a town-crier? The town of Concord was the home of many famous literary people. Have you read about any of those whom Miss Alcott mentions here? Do you know the three stories that the Alcott children *dramatized*, that is, made into plays for acting?

Page 82. I Remember, I Remember. Read the poem through. Who is talking, a young man or an old man? Which lines tell you so? What scenes of his childhood does he remember? Can you recall any scenes like them in your own memory?

Page 84. The Grapevine Swing. What is there about this poem that reminds you of the preceding poem, "I Remember"? The author lived on a plantation in Alabama when he was a boy. What can you tell about the good times that he had there?

Page 85. Alexander the Great and the African Chief. Why did the African chief set golden food before the great conqueror Alexander? Why did both the buyer and the seller of the land refuse to have the

gold which had been found beneath its surface? Which do you think was right? What shows that the African chief had great scorn for the people of Alexander's country? To which of the two men would you go if you were in trouble? What is meant by "having a conscience"?

You can easily make a play from this story. The four characters would be Alexander, the chief, and the two citizens.

Page 88. The Gold and Silver Shield. How did the statue cause a dispute? In what way could the two knights have avoided the dispute and the fight? Show that the skillful physician acted wisely. What did he advise the men to do always before starting a dispute? Make a short motto from this lesson.

Page 90. The Nightingale and the Glowworm. This poem is a fable. You may not have seen glowworms, but you have probably seen fireflies, which give their light in much the same way that the glowworm does. How does the nightingale show that it is fair-minded?

Page 91. The Child of Urbino. The words of Benedetto, "He will give such glory to Urbino as the world has never seen," were truly fulfilled in after years, for Raphael became the most noted painter of modern times. The qualities that made him loved as a child still won admiration and love for him as a man. It is said that all Rome mourned his death. He was able to become one of the greatest artists the world has ever known because to his wonderful gift of imagination he added patient, painstaking, persevering effort. What other men have you read about who won fame in that way? *Bade fair to* means "seemed likely to." What does the duke mean when he says that the jar is "beyond all comparison"?

Page 96. Damon and Pythias. This is a story of one of the most famous friendships in the history of the world. In many ways it resembles the story of David and Jonathan, two other friends, of whom we shall read on page 132. Jonathan risked death at his father's hands in order to save David's life.

Select the places in the story that show that Dionysius was a cruel tyrant. How does Damon show his affection for his friend? What proof have you that Pythias was true to his friend Damon? What is the most interesting picture in the story? How does Dionysius make you like him in the end? How do you know that he is lonely?

Page 100. Hunting the Chamois. Why must a chamois hunter

have a "good head and a sure foot"? How is the whole flock of chamois protected? What does the sentinel possess to help her discover danger? How does a hunter guard against them? Describe the retreat of the chamois when danger is scented. How does the story show that the chamois knows better than the hunter how to get out of a dangerous situation? An *avalanche* is a great mass of snow, or earth, that becomes loosened from the sides of a mountain and rushes swiftly down the slope.

Page 105. The Surprising Adventures of Baron Münchhausen. Do you think the author wrote these stories expecting that people would believe them, or did he do it to make sport of people who "stretch the truth"? Notice the things of the story that probably could happen; those that seem improbable. Can you picture the horse hanging to the weathercock? Are there other amusing pictures? What makes the fun of the story?

Page 109. The American Flag. The first American flag was made in accordance with a resolution passed by Congress at Philadelphia, June 14, 1777. Mrs. Betsy Ross, who had a shop in Philadelphia, was asked to make the flag from a pencil sketch furnished by Washington. Perhaps your teacher can show you a picture of the house where Betsy Ross made the first flag.

Whom does the poet represent as the maker of the flag? For the field, or union, Freedom takes the blue of the night sky, set with stars. For the stripes, she takes the white of the Milky Way and the red of the rising sun. Who was called to be the standard bearer? Can you think of any reason for this? Our flag is the symbol of our country. It represents the qualities that our people should possess. The blue stands for truth, the white for purity, and the red for courage. When you look again at the flag, do you think this poem will help you to see something else besides the red, white, and blue? Memorize the lines that you like best in this poem.

Page 110. Columbus at the Court of Spain. DRAMATIZATION: Write a short statement of events leading up to the time of the scene; this statement should be read to the audience. What events will you have to tell, in order that the audience may understand the efforts Columbus had made to get help and his many discouragements? Tell also about Columbus's belief in regard to the shape of the earth and his reasons for his belief.

THE PLAY: Don Gomez is adviser to the queen. How shall we have him act toward his queen? Toward Columbus? In which of his speeches can you make your audience understand what a great many people then believed about the shape of the earth? How will Queen Isabella act toward Don Gomez? In what two speeches can you best show Isabella's great faith? Which will be the great speech of Columbus?

Page 113. The Return of Columbus. DRAMATIZATION: Make a short statement of events from the time of the court scene until the return of Columbus.

THE PLAY: Has Don Gomez changed his ideas? Show this by his speeches. How does he show that he has not much faith in Isabella?

Page 115. Columbus. Columbus at last succeeded in his efforts to interest the rulers in his plan to prove that the earth was round. Queen Isabella of Spain gave him three ships for the voyage. Since few people of that time accepted his ideas, Columbus had great difficulty in manning the vessels. The sailors feared the unknown terrors of the sea. After leaving Spain, they sailed for days and days before sighting land. The poet shows us the feelings of the brave admiral and the sailors.

Read the entire poem. How does the mate show his fear in the first stanza? What words of Columbus show his faith in his undertaking? From each stanza select the lines that mention these difficulties of the voyage: (1) fear felt by the sailors, (2) a mutinous crew, (3) no winds, (4) storms. Try to picture Columbus as the poet shows him in the fifth stanza. What do you think the last two lines mean?

The ancient stories said that the high rocks at the Strait of Gibraltar had been placed there by Hercules as the gates or limits of the west; hence they were called the *Gates of Hercules*.

What do you think made Columbus victorious: knowledge, faith, patience, or perseverance?

Page 117. The First Trip of the Steamboat *Clermont*. What traits of character displayed by Columbus must also have been possessed by Robert Fulton? Was his plan in any danger of failing through ridicule? How did Fulton's friends show that they were afraid of the laugh being turned against themselves? How did Fulton show his great faith in his invention? What shows that even Fulton did not dream of crossing the ocean by means of a steam-propelled

vessel? Why is the steamboat called one of the "noblest benefactions of the human race"? What can you tell about James Watt's invention?

Page 121. At Sea. Read the poem through. Notice these expressions used by sailors: "gallant mast," "good ship," "merry men," "world of waters," "my boys." Why has the sailor no fears of a "snoring breeze" and "white waves heaving high"? What music does the sailor hear? What are weather signs to the sailor?

A *sheet* is a rope attached to the lower corner of a sail to aid in adjusting it to the wind. *On the lee* is a phrase used by sailors to name the part of the ship, or the land, that is sheltered from the wind, — the side opposite to that against which the wind blows. Why is the vessel spoken of as "hollow oak"? The sea is their *hermitage,* meaning their home set apart from the rest of the world.

Compare the spirit of sailors on the sea with the spirit of the ranchman in his ride on the prairie (page 47). Which of the two poems do you like better?

Page 122. King Cotton. Mention the common uses we make of cotton. Did you ever see a cotton plant? What part of the plant is of greatest use to us? This lesson tells of a great difficulty our forefathers had to overcome in order to use the cotton. What was it? Tell about the man who thought out the difficult problem. How did Watt's invention make Arkwright's much more valuable? How did Arkwright's call for Whitney's? What is meant by saying "Cotton is King" in the South? After reading this story, what can you tell about Eli Whitney's character?

Page 126. Shooting an Oil Well. Read the selection through. Notice the language of oil fields: "dry hole," "gusher," "duster." Why are oil wells shot? How is it done? A *gusher* is an oil well that throws up a great column of oil. You will be interested to read *Prince Dusty,* the exciting book from which this story is taken. There are many other books by Kirk Munroe that are well worth reading.

Page 132. David and Goliath. Who were at war? Describe how the two sides were lined up. How did the Philistines want to settle the battle? Why should this frighten King Saul and his people? Who was David? What caused Saul to send for him? How did David convince Saul that he could kill the Philistine? Why would it have been foolish for David to wear the armor given him by Saul,

even if he could have *proved*, or tested, it? Tell about the meeting of David and Goliath, and how each was prepared for battle. How did David return from battle? Can you tell why Saul loved David so well?

The story of David and Jonathan is one of the most famous stories of great friendships. The Bible says, "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David." Do you not think that is a very good way to describe their close friendship? Jonathan was the son of King Saul.

Page 137. The Twenty-fourth Psalm. While David was in King Saul's household, he played upon the harp to soothe the sad spirit of the king. After David became king of Israel, he composed many psalms of praise and thanksgiving. He is called the sweet singer of Israel. Read this psalm several times and try to feel the beauty of it and to understand the meaning. Commit to memory the parts you like best, or the whole of it.

Page 139. The Story of Baba Abdalla. Haroun al Raschid (the name means "Aaron the Just") was a rich and powerful ruler of Persia more than a thousand years ago. He was also wise and learned. He was the ruler of the Mohammedans, in both worldly and spiritual matters, and for this reason was called the Commander of the Faithful.

A *dervish* is a member of a Mohammedan band of men who live simply and in poverty and devote their time to religious work. *Avarice* is a greedy desire for riches. Was it idle curiosity that led Abdalla to insist on having the ointment put on his eye? With what kind of blindness was he afflicted before the ointment was applied? It is said that there is no blacker sin than ingratitude. How did Abdalla show himself basely ungrateful to the dervish? Did the dervish have no desire for camels and wealth, or did he wish to teach Abdalla a lesson, or was he afraid of him?

Page 148. Paul Revere's Ride. Paul Revere was an ardent patriot, a skillful engraver on metals, and maker of the first paper money for the colonists. He was a member of the "Boston Tea Party" in 1773, and in 1775 made the ride described in the poem. He rode from Boston, through Middlesex County to Concord, to warn the people that the British soldiers were going to try to seize some gunpowder stored just beyond Concord.

What instructions did Paul Revere give his friend? What did the friend discover about the coming of the British? How and where did

Paul Revere spread the alarm? On page 151, what tells you that the ride meant a great deal to our nation? On pages 152, 153, find out what Paul Revere was preparing the people for. Why was it necessary to alarm them? Show that Paul Revere's purpose was accomplished.

Page 154. New Inventions. This story is taken from Charles Dudley Warner's *Being a Boy*. It tells his experiences as a boy on a New England farm, and is a delightful book for young people. What inventions planned by this New England boy might he enjoy if he were living to-day? What inventions of to-day help us to do chores? Which do you like best among the inventions that the boy planned? What part of the story seems funniest to you? Have you ever thought of any inventions that would help you? What part of his school life did the boy enjoy most? What is meant by "fair play"? What is considered unfair in the games you play?

Page 160. Kinmont Willie. At the time of this story, and long before and after, there was jealousy and hatred between the English and the Scotch who lived along the border between the two countries. This ill feeling caused an almost continual state of border warfare. *Cumberland* is one of the two counties of England bordering on Scotland. *Merrie Carlisle* is in this county; men captured by the English in their raids upon the Scotch herds of cattle were imprisoned in the castle, or hanged on Gallows Hill at *Haribee* just outside the walls. "Kinmont Willie" was one of the most noted of the Scotch leaders in this border warfare. Buccleuch was a "keeper of the marches" on the Scotch side; that is, he was one of the men appointed to keep ward or guard over the border country. Sometimes a *truce* was declared; that is, an agreement was made that there should be no fighting, and each side was supposed to be safe from attack in the enemy's country. How did Sakelde deserve his title "false Sakelde"? What proves to you that the teller of the story was a brave, hardy lad?

Page 174. My Heart's in the Highlands. Robert Burns (born 1759, died 1796) is the best known and best loved of the poets of Scotland. His poems are about the everyday things of life, such as a field mouse, a daisy, and "Two Dogs." What shows you that the poet loves his country better than any other place? What does he say he likes to do? What places in his country does he love to remember?

Page 175. The Goodman of Ballengiech. Sir Walter Scott (born 1771, died 1832), a famous poet and novelist of Scotland, took the subjects for his writings mainly from Scottish history. As a boy, he was fond of tales of border warfare, such as "Kinmont Willie."

King James V of Scotland liked to go about the country unattended and dressed as a plain citizen. In this way he came to know his subjects well. He was a protector of the poor and the weak. All the deer were the property of the king; there were strict laws for the protection of these animals, and those who killed them unlawfully were severely punished. What part of the story do you enjoy most? Tell why. What shows that King James had a keen sense of humor? Would you call him fair-minded?

Page 179. Lord Ullin's Daughter. This poem is a ballad. A ballad tells a short story or legend, and usually has a tragic or sad ending. Before men knew how to write, ballads were recited or sung by wandering minstrels, and were handed down from father to son. This ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter" was probably sung for a great many years before it was written by Thomas Campbell.

How does the chieftain make the boatman consent to take them across Lochgyle? How do you know that the boatman did not care for the money? What danger was Lord Ullin's daughter willing to face? How do you know that it would have been wiser for them to have stayed on the land?

Page 182. An Adventure in a Cave. The character of a country determines largely the sports and amusements of the children who live in it. In Holland the boys and girls are expert swimmers and skaters. Why? On the rugged coast of the Orkney Islands, where sea birds nest in the high cliffs, bird-nesting is great sport. Can you tell of sports that grow out of the nature of some other country? Explain how Halcro made a fire with flint and steel. In this story, who had the real courage? What is it to be foolhardy?

Page 189. The Making of River Pebbles. Make a collection of pebbles. Note the differences in size, shape, and color. Make two groups of them: those that are all of one kind of stone, and those that are of different kinds. Group them again into hard and soft stones. The hard ones will make scratches on the soft ones. Why do you suppose flattened pebbles are called shingle? How do the stones in a stream change as they pass from its source to its mouth?

Page 192. The Brook. Alfred Tennyson (born 1809, died 1892) lived in a beautiful part of England. In this poem he has painted for us a word picture of a brook near his home. Read the poem several times. Try to see all the pictures in the poem. What lines suggest sound to you? What lines suggest motion? What lines suggest color? Most children like this poem. If you enjoy reading it, learn the stanzas that you like best.

Page 195. A Letter from Lord Chesterfield to his Son. Lord Chesterfield was an English earl who lived about two hundred years ago. He held several high offices, but was known chiefly for the elegance of his manners, so that to call a man "a Chesterfield" is to praise his politeness and good breeding. Which of his bits of advice to his son seems to you most valuable? What does Chesterfield put above good breeding? What are some of the marks of good breeding?

Page 197. An Old Letter from London. This quaint letter, written more than a hundred years ago, gives the impressions of a country boy on his first visit to a great city. What things that the boy tells about would probably be very much the same in London to-day? What would be very different?

Page 199. A Letter from Robert E. Lee. In what ways did General Lee wish his daughter to make herself useful? Don't you like the last sentence in the letter? Which of the three sayings at the bottom of page 200 do you like best?

Page 201. The Little Boy in the Balcony. Henry W. Grady was a Southern journalist and orator. He did much to promote good feeling between the North and the South. Notice how modestly he tells of his efforts to make the little boy happy. What opportunities are there, outside of New York and an elevated train, to make friends of the neglected and desolate? Which do you think found the greater pleasure in the trip to Coney Island?

Page 204. Independence Bell. When our country separated from England, it announced its intention and its reasons in the Declaration of Independence, on July 4, 1776. Can you tell why Philadelphia is called the "Quaker Town"? What picture do you see in the first stanza? What words and phrases do you like? What does the second stanza tell us about the people? What great question is to be decided? How do we know that the people are not sure what the decision will be? What picture does the fifth stanza give us? How

does the crowd act when the boy appears? What is his message? What shows that it is good news to the crowd? Why do we Americans love the Liberty Bell?

Samuel Adams and Roger Sherman were two daring patriots who were in the meeting at the State House. The Spartan patriots failed, long ago, to keep the armies of Asia out of Greece, but they gained a name for bravery that will never die. The *tyrant* spoken of was King George III of England. His *iron-sceptered sway* means his harsh government of the colonies. The *Phœnix*, according to the old myths, was a bird that was consumed by fire and then rose to life again out of its own ashes.

What is your part in making sure that our Independence shall never die? Why is the Fourth of July called Independence Day?

Page 207. Old Ironsides. The frigate *Constitution*, familiarly known as "Old Ironsides," took part in many famous battles, against the pirates in the Mediterranean in 1803, and later in the War of 1812. In 1829 the Navy Department proposed to break up the old ship. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was then twenty years old and a student at Harvard College, wrote this poem as a protest against such a fate for the gallant ship. The poem, which was printed in a Boston daily paper and was copied throughout the country, raised such a storm of indignation that "Old Ironsides" was saved.

The first stanza of the poem tells about the old ship's flag. What reasons does the poet give why the ensign should not be torn down? Would the fact that it was tattered make it dearer? When the poet says, "Tear it down," does he really mean it? In the second stanza, why does the poet think the deck of the vessel should be sacred from destruction? A *harpy* was a very ugly, fabulous creature that delighted in death and destruction. Why was the ship called an eagle? In the third stanza, Holmes pleaded for a grand burial in the ocean. He felt that a flag which had waved above the men who had fought so bravely on the decks of the *Constitution* should be looked upon as sacred, and should be given, with the ship, to the god of storms.

Page 209. Nathaniel Hawthorne. In what way did Hawthorne train himself to be a writer? How many of his stories have you read? Who were some of the literary people who lived in Concord? What event of American history is connected with Concord?

Page 213. The Pine-Tree Shillings. In the early colonial days of Massachusetts, what did the people use for money? Why were their coins called pine-tree shillings? Who was the mint-master? How was he paid for his work? Where did he get his silver for coining? Tell the story of Captain Hull's daughter Betsey and Samuel Sewell.

For hundreds of years, the process of coining money was very simple. The metal was hammered into strips, and then cut into squares. These squares were heated and hammered until they became circular. The circle of metal was then placed between two dies, or metal plates, upon which had been cut some device, as a pine tree, the head of a ruler, or the figure of an eagle. By the blow of a hammer, the devices upon the dies were stamped upon the softer metal between. Elaborate machinery is now used for doing this work.

Page 218. How Hercules Held up the Sky. Why was the hero seeking the garden of Hesperides? How was this a hard task? How did Hercules convince the maidens that he would be successful? What sight did Hercules see on the island? What do you enjoy in the description of the giant? Why did Atlas want to get the apples? What is funny in the way Atlas acted after Hercules took the sky? Show how Hercules was quick-witted in dealing with Atlas.

The *Hesperides* were supposed, by the ancients, to be the daughters of Atlas and Hesperus, or Night. They dwelt on an island beyond the Pillars of Hercules. What name is now given to the Pillars of Hercules?

This task of getting the three golden apples is one of the twelve great labors, or tasks, performed by Hercules. On his way to the garden of the Hesperides, he had an encounter with a very great giant and some very little people in Africa. Hawthorne has told this story of "The Pygmies" so entertainingly that you must read it in his *Tanglewood Tales.*

If you will look at the map of Africa, you will find the Atlas Mountains in the northern part. These mountains are, in places, about three miles high. Don't you think that the ancients, with their lively fancy, just imagined that one of the highest of these mountains was the giant Atlas? What natural features might suggest the body and legs and white beard of the giant? What would give rise to the story that he held the sky on his shoulders?

Page 230. Orpheus with his Lute. Shakespeare (born 1564, died 1616) is the greatest English dramatic poet, and by many is considered the greatest writer that has ever lived. When you are older, you must read his plays. These deal with ancient myths and with the history and customs of many different countries.

Orpheus was the son of Apollo. Many stories tell of the wonderful power of his music. Find the lines of the poem that tell of the effect it had on trees and rocks. What other things are mentioned in the poem to show what Orpheus could do by the influence of his music?

If you will read Hawthorne's story of "The Golden Fleece," you will find that Orpheus was on the ship *Argo*, and saved it from the destructive power of wind and wave by the magic of his music. The billows "lay by" or paused to let the ships pass. Even in the lower world, where Orpheus had gone in search of his wife, so powerful was the charm of his playing that flowers sprang up along his path as if the sun and showers had made spring come there. In the last lines of the second stanza, Shakespeare says that grief can either be put to sleep or made to die by the power of music.

Page 231. The Owl Critic. *Laughing-stock* means a person who is made the object of joking remarks. Audubon was a close student of natural history and was the first to make a study of North American birds. His drawings, of which he made more than a thousand, were absolutely true to life in size, form, and color. John Burroughs also is a famous naturalist. Have you read any of his writings? What is the fun in this poem? Have you ever known any one who acted like this owl critic?

Page 234. Thor's Wonderful Journey. Every race of people has its own myths. Those of the ancient Norse, or northern people of Europe, were full of the deeds of the gods who dwelt in Asgard. This was supposed to be a heavenly hill, at the end of the rainbow bridge. Below Asgard lay the land of Midgard, where the human race lived. It was surrounded by a great serpent. Below Midgard lay Utgard, the land of the frost giants, whose city was named Jotunheim (Yō'tun hīm). The strongest of the gods of Asgard was Thor, who made the thunder by the strokes of his great hammer. Loki was the god of strife.

Why were Thor and Loki going to Jotunheim? What was peculiar about the building in the forest? Why did not Thor like Skrymer?

What advice did Skrymer give Thor? Show how Thor was made ashamed at Jotunheim. What makes you know that Thor was very strong?

A proud, boastful spirit is everywhere hated. How did the giants undertake to cure Thor of this spirit? How did Thor prove that he had great perseverance? What feeling do boys have toward a boaster on the playground? Which story do you like better, the one about Hercules or the one about Thor?

Page 246. The Challenge of Thor. With what did Thor fight? How do you know it was very powerful? How did his gauntlets help him? How could he redouble his strength? How powerful were the blows of his hammer? How do you know that Thor thought he was very powerful?

"Still it is Thor's day": what does this mean? The lines on Peace which follow this poem will show you how Thor's proud boast can be made of no effect.

Page 247. Peace. Read the last stanza of "The Challenge of Thor" and then the lines on Peace. Read them over and over, thoughtfully. Notice that both poems are by Longfellow. "The curse of Cain" refers to the brand or mark by which Cain was known as a murderer. It has come to mean the scorn and distrust which is felt toward men and nations that, without regard to justice, use force and violence to gain their own selfish ends.

Name some men who have won the "victories of peace"; that is, have done something great and useful in science, as Fulton and Whitney; or in art and literature, as Raphael and Shakespeare.

Page 248. Charles Dickens. In his novel *Little Dorrit*, Dickens shows the wrongs suffered in the debtors' prisons. For six hundred years it was a custom in England to send to prison a man who could not pay his debts. Sometimes the wife and children were sent with the father, and many children grew up in debtors' prisons. This great evil was not entirely ended till a little over fifty years ago.

One of the rooms in Dickens's beautiful home at Gad's Hill was fitted up with a stage. There Dickens, assisted by his children, and often by the neighbors, acted scenes from life or scenes which he had already put into his books. His characters were very real people to him. It is said that he wept after writing of the death of Little Nell in *Old Curiosity Shop*.

Girls will like to read the story of Little Nell and boys will like *Oliver Twist.* One of the most delightful books to read aloud in the family is *David Copperfield.*

Page 254. How Mr. Pickwick Undertook to Drive. Mr. Pickwick, the hero of Dickens's novel the *Pickwick Papers*, was a simple-minded, good-natured gentleman. He founded a club called after his own name. In company with members of this club, he traveled about England and had many humorous adventures. Can you picture the scene in the inn-yard? If Mr. Pickwick had shown, by the way he mounted the chaise and took hold of the reins, that he was used to horses and knew how to drive, what difference would there have been in the interest and feelings of those gathered in the inn-yard? If Mr. Winkle had not been afraid of losing Mr. Pickwick's good opinion, what would he probably have said when he was urged to take the riding horse?

What parts of the story seem funniest to you? Dickens is considered a great humorist. If you do not see the fun in the whole story, perhaps the teacher will read it to you, so as to bring out the humor. There are several long words in the story, but they are used in a droll and expressive way that you will enjoy. This is a story to have a " good time " with, in the reading lesson.

Page 265. Tubal Cain. According to the Bible, Tubal Cain was the first worker in brass and iron. Why did people like him? What did his work result in? Why did he take no joy in this work? What new way did he find to work for man? Compare the results of the sword and the spear with what followed the making of the plowshare.

Page 267. The Coming of Arthur. *Britain* was an old name for England and from it we get the names *Britons* and *British.* According to the old legends, Arthur was a very early king and hero of this country. Merlin was a wise magician. Why do you think he took away the baby prince, Arthur? Show how Merlin later caused Arthur to be made king. Why were the people contented to call Arthur king? What good things did he do? What is interesting about the Round Table? What were the vows of the knights? The *tournament* was a form of sport and entertainment which was very popular six or seven hundred years ago. Knights on horseback were divided into two parties, which rode against each other in mock battle. The

tournament was presided over by a "queen of beauty" who gave the prize to the victorious knight.

For hundreds of years the stories about Arthur and his knights have been told and written and read and loved. Tennyson wrote many of these in verse. Artists, too, have painted many fine pictures showing scenes and incidents from the stories of Arthur.

Page 274. How Sir Percivale was Taught Chivalry. By *chivalry*, we mean the customs and ideals of knighthood. A knight must be of noble birth, and must have had a training as page and squire that would give him grace and courtesy. How had Percivale's mother supplied this training? A man must be quick and brave in the defense of the weak and oppressed. How did Percivale show himself worthy of knighthood in these respects? A knight must go forth equipped as a horseman. What was Percivale's first equipment? How did he improve it? A man desiring knighthood must first show himself worthy by doing some valiant deed. What task did Percivale set himself to prove his fitness? Does the story tell us whether he succeeded? A knight must have a high sense of honor and a reverence for women. Read the story carefully to see if Percivale had these qualities. According to the customs and ideals of chivalry, would you say that Percivale was worthy to be dubbed Sir Knight?

You will find many interesting stories of King Arthur and his court in Beatrice Clay's *Stories of King Arthur and the Round Table*, Henry Gilbert's *King Arthur's Knights*, Howard Pyle's *The Story of King Arthur and His Knights*, and other books in the public library.

WORD LIST

This WORD LIST gives only the meaning of the word as it is used in this Reader. The number following each word indicates the page on which the word first appears.

The PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES is given on page 320.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā *as in* hāte	ĕ as in recĕnt	ū *as in* ūse
ȧ *as in* senȧte	ē *as in* hēr	ŭ *as in* tŭb
ă *as in* hăt	ė *as in* ėvent	ŭ *as in* circŭs
ă *as in* ăccount	ī *as in* pīne	û *as in* fûr
ä *as in* fär	ĭ *as in* pĭn	ṳ *as in* rṳde
ȧ *as in* ȧsk		
â *as in* câre	ō *as in* nōte	o͞o *as in* mo͞on
ȧ *as in* sofȧ	ȯ *as in* ȯbey	o͝o *as in* fo͝ot
	ŏ *as in* nŏt	ou *as in* out
ē *as in* mē	ŏ *as in* cŏnnect	t͟h *as in* t͟hen
ĕ *as in* mĕt	ô *as in* hôrse	ŋ *as in* iŋk

a ban′doned (126) that which has been left or given up.

ab hor′ (90) to feel horror; (247) to look upon with horror and disgust.

ac com′mo date (82) to help, to oblige.

ac com′plished (156) skilled.

ac cord′ing ly (48) therefore.

a chieved′ (120) won, brought to a successful finish.

a dieu′ (ȧ dū′) (196) good-by.

a do′ (ȧ do͞o′) (241) trouble, fuss.

af′fab ly (67) in a kindly manner.

a ghast′ (ȧ gȧst) (152) shocked, filled with horror.

a gil′ i ty (102) the power to move lightly and quickly.

ag′i tat ed (68) disturbed.

ag′o ny (146) extreme pain.

al′ders (152) a kind of tree that usually grows in moist ground.

am′ber-col′ored (130) of a pale yellow color like amber.

a mend′ (272) to make better.

an a lyt′ic (234) keen.

a nat′o my (232) the science which treats of the structure of animals and plants.

an'gu lar (189) having sharp corners.
an'te lope (100) a small, swift-footed, goat-like animal.
anx i'e ty (18) uneasiness of mind.
a pace' (180) fast, at a quick pace.
a poth'e ca ry (249) one who prepares and sells drugs.
ap par'ent ly (77) seemingly.
ap pro ba'tion (91) approval.
ap pro'pri ate (122) right, proper.
arch bish'op (268) a chief bishop.
ar'se nals (247) public storehouses for arms and ammunition.
as sent'ed (161) said yes.
as sur'ed ly (87) surely.
at tained' (122) gained, reached.
a vaunt' (47) be gone!
a vail' (202) profit.
aye (ā) (37, 160) always; (ī) (67) yes.
az'ure (47) of a clear blue color.

bairn (bârn) (164) a child.
bal'co ny (201) a platform extending outward from the wall of a building.
bal'dric (bôl'drĭk) (109) a belt.
bal'sam (bôl'sŭm) (89) a healing medicine.
bar'ba rous (158) cruel.
bard (274) in olden times, a poet and singer who composed and sang songs about the heroes.
bar'rack (149) a soldiers' lodging place.
bar'ter (213) to exchange goods for goods.
bay'ou (bī'o͞o) (84) an inlet from a larger body of water.
ben e fac'tions (121) good gifts.
be night'ed (194) overtaken by night or darkness.
be thought' (**him of**) (270) remembered.
bick'er (192) to move rapidly with a chattering noise.
bide (51) to wait for.
blanched (116) turned pale.
bog (161) wet, spongy ground in which a heavy body would sink.
bon'ny (84) pretty; (182) fine.
boon (97) a favor.
borne (82) carried.
bowl'ing (190) rolling like a ball.
brawn'y (265) having large strong muscles.
brent-goose (185) a kind of wild goose.
brood'ed (124) thought, meditated.
buc ca neers' (214) sea robbers.
buck'shot (30) a coarse lead shot used in hunting big game.
bul'lion (bo͝ol'yŭn) (214) gold or silver metal.
bur'den (202) a load; *here*, a load upon the mind.

ca'liph (kā'lĭf) (139) a high officer in Turkey or Arabia.
cant'ed (232) tilted to one side.
car a van'sa ry (147) a large inn in eastern countries, where caravans stop overnight.
ca reer' (210) life work.
car'nage (266) the killing of great numbers of people.
case'ment (173) a window frame opening on hinges.
ce les'tial (109) of the sky or heavens.
chal'lenge (89) an invitation to fight.

cham'pi on (132) a defender, one who speaks or acts in defense of another.
char'i ta ble (76) kind and generous.
chir'rup (chĭr'ŭp) (40) a noise made with the lips to urge on horses.
chores (154) the regular or daily light work of a home or farm.
churl (284) a rude fellow.
civ'il (118) polite.
clam'or ing (269) demanding with a loud voice.
clefts (244) cracks.
clus'ter ing (120) in a group.
com mem'o rate (197) to call to memory.
com men da'tion (195) praise.
com mod'i ties (213) goods, wares.
com pet'i tors (28) those who enter a contest, rivals.
con cep'tion (130) imagination.
con dol'ing (263) sympathizing.
con'se quence (146) importance.
con spic'u ous (31) noticeable.
con sum'ers (254) those that use; here, those that eat.
con tempt' (118) scorn.
con'tra ry (145) opposite.
con vinced' (117) persuaded, made (people) believe.
con vul'sion (131) a violent shaking.
coot (192) a bird somewhat like a duck.
cord'age (203) ropes in the rigging of a ship.
coun'seled (268) advised.
cov'e nant (137) agreement.
cow'slips (22) yellow spring flowers.
coy'otes (kī'ōts) (47) small wolves common to the western part of North America.
cran'ing (99) stretching out (of necks).
craved (284) begged for.
cred'it a ble (252) worthy of praise.
cres'ses (194) green plants eaten for food.
crev'ic es (krĕv'ĭs ĕs) (14) cracks.
crit'ic (118) one who passes judgment.
crouch'ing (72) stooping low with bent legs.
crown (41) an English coin worth five shillings or about $1.25 in American money.
cu'bit (132) an ancient measure equal to about seventeen inches.
cur'lew (47) a kind of large brownish bird with long legs.
cur'rent (213) generally in use.
cut'lers (197) those who make, deal in, or mend cutting tools.

dal'ly ing (205) playing.
daunt'ed (dänt'ĕd) (170) stopped by fear.
de ceit'ful ly (138) dishonestly, with purpose to cheat or deceive.
de cep'tion (244) cheating.
de cree' (97) a decision or judgment.
de fi'ance (153) willingness to fight; contempt.
de flec'tion (231) a turning or a difference from the right way.
del'i ca cy (73) "felt a delicacy," felt it was not quite polite.
de lud'ing (244) cheating, deceiving.
de'mon (142) an evil spirit.

de pressed' (262) pressed down; *here*, discouraged, low in spirits.
dep'u ty (256) one appointed to act for another.
de rived' (76) obtained.
der'rick (126) a machine for raising heavy loads.
de sign' (142) a plan.
des'o late (201) lonely.
des'tined (48) intended by fate.
de vic'es (124) schemes, inventions.
di'a ries (77) records of daily events.
dil' i gent ly (11) busily.
dis as'ter (119) an unfortunate event.
dis dains' (31) scorns.
dis pense' (78) to give, to deal out.
dis tin'guished (16) recognized; *here*, heard distinctly.
dis tract'ed (79) greatly troubled.
dis trac'tion (23) confusion; disturbance of mind.
di vert' (275) to amuse.
doe (101) a female deer.
dor'mouse (64) a kind of mouse found in Europe; it sleeps during the winter.
draught (drâft) (241) a drink.
dro'vers (31) men who drive animals to market, dealers in cattle.
dun'geon (78) a prison, often underground.
dust'er (127) an unsuccessful boring for oil.

ebb (244) the falling back of the tide.
ed'dy ing bays (192) bays in which the water moves in circles.
el'der pith (24) the material in the inside of the stems of elder bushes.
e merged' (78) came out.
em'i nence (122) a high place.
em'u late (203) to strive to equal.
en camp'ment (150) a camp.
en coun'tered (98) met, fought with.
en'sign (207) a national flag.
en thu'si asm (253) feelings of joyful approval.
e ques'tri an (255) on horseback.
e'ra (125) an age, a period of history.
ere (188) before.
es'cort (162) a body of armed men that protect a person on a journey.
es teemed' (203) valued greatly.
ex ag'ger at ed (ĕg zăj'ĕr āt ĕd) (105) going beyond the bounds of truth.
ex e cu'tion (98) the putting to death of a person by the government.
ex haus'ted (ĕg zôs'tĕd) (19) used up; *here*, tired out.
ex hor ta'tion (202) an encouragement, an invitation.
ex'ile (154) one who is forced to stay away from his own country.
ex plo'sive (129) that which may explode.
ex ten'sive (120) widespread.
ex traor'di na ry (ĕks trôr' dĭ nā rĭ) (262) out of the ordinary, strange.
ex ult'ant (205) joyful over good news or victory.

fain (139) gladly.
fal'low (192) land which has lain unplanted a year or more.
fan'cy (20) to make believe.

fare (38); price paid for transportation; (73) food; (133) to prosper.
far'thing (213) an English coin worth one half a cent in American money.
fa'tal (146) causing death or destruction.
fa tal'i ty (188) a disaster causing death.
fath'om (185) six feet, a measure used in measuring the depth of water.
feats (fēts) (240) deeds.
fer'vent (131) earnest.
fi'ber (122) a slender, threadlike substance.
flail (177) a tool for beating grain from the ear by hand.
flank (101) side.
flat'ter y (258) false praise or too great praise.
fo'li age (32) the leaves of trees.
for bore' (to) (266) did not, refrained from.
fore'land (192) a bank.
for'feit (97) something taken away as a punishment.
fort'night (45) fourteen nights, two weeks.
four score (140) eighty.
fren'zied (102) frantic, almost insane.

gal'lant (121) strong and brave.
game (31) plucky.
gam'mon (42) talk intended to deceive.
gar'nish ing (281) equipment.
gar'ri son (158) a body of troops stationed in a fort.
gar'ri soned (169) defended.
gaunt'lets (gänt'lĕts) (246) heavy gloves for the protection of the hands.
ghast'ly (115) terribly, horribly.
gird'ed (135) fastened.
gov'ern ess es (79) women teachers, usually teaching in the home.
grav'i ty (203) seriousness.
gray'ling (193) a fish somewhat like a trout.
gren a diers' (149) soldiers of a special regiment.
grim (176) stern.
gross (249) twelve dozen.

ha bit'u ate (199) to form the habit.
half'penny (hā'pĕn ĭ) (20) an English coin equal to one cent in American money.
ha rangued' (hȧ răngd') (90) made a loud speech.
har'bor age (284) shelter.
har'dy (66) strong, able to endure.
har'ry (169) to plunder, to rob.
hau'berk (hô'bĕrk) (279) a coat of mail covering the head and shoulders and generally extended as a long cloak.
haunch (108) the hip.
haws (26) fruit of the hawthorn.
haw'thorn (90) a shrub or tree common in England.
haz'ard (204) "at hazard," at stake, in danger.
head'gear (hĕd'gēr) (80) head covering.
heat (260) a race.
heath'er (hĕth'ẽr) (179) a small plant, common in Scotland.
hern (192) a heron.

hid'e ous (158) frightful, causing terror.
hips (26) ripened fruit of the rosebush.
hith'er (85) to this place.
hom'age (hŏm'ăj) (270) respect or some sign showing respect or duty.
hos'pi ta bly (85) (receiving guests) in a generous and kindly way.
host (133) an army.
hos'tler (hŏs'lẽr) (255) a person who has the care of horses at an inn or stable.
hus'band man (177) a farmer.

il lus'tri ous (81) famous.
im meas'ur a ble (224) so great that it cannot be measured.
im mor'tal (56) that which will never die.
im mov'a ble (119) that which cannot be moved.
im pet'u ous (150) impatient.
in can ta'tion (141) words chanted.
in cli na'tion (210) a bending of the mind, a desire.
in clo'sure (11) a place that is fenced about or surrounded.
in cur' (263) to make oneself responsible for paying.
in def'i nite ly (68) in no particular direction.
in dif'fer ence (118) lack of feeling for or against a thing.
in dig na'tion (262) anger for a just cause.
in dus'tri ous (215) busy.
in fe'ri or (178) of lower rank.
in gen'ious (ĭn jēn'yŭs) (156) clever.
in grat'i tude (142) an absence of thankfulness for favors.
in'so lent ly (175) rudely, without courtesy or respect.
in'stinct (104) natural feeling or impulse.
in stinc'tive ly (33) by instinct or natural feeling.
in teg'ri ty (200) honesty, soundness.
in tent' (143) giving all his attention.
in'ter val (67) a brief space of time between two things or events.
in tol'er a ble (196) unbearable.
in tol'er a bly (222) enormously, unbearably.
in to na'tion (205) manner of speaking or singing.
in trud'er (102) one who enters without right or unwanted.

jad'ed (38) tired out.
jave'lin (jăv'lĭn) (136) a light spear that is thrown.
jer'kin (282) a jacket or short coat.
jousts (jŭsts) (269) combats on horseback between two knights with lances.

keep (19) the cost of keeping; *here*, the cost of food.
knave (284) a man servant (a title of contempt).

la bur'num (83) a small shrub with bright yellow flowers.
lac'er at ed (262) torn, cut.
la ment'ed (124) expressed sorrow, mourned.
leg'ends (212) stories that have come down from the past.
loop'hole (171) a small opening in a wall through which weapons may be fired.

lug'gage (41) articles taken by a traveler for use on a journey.
lust (266) a great desire, usually for evil things.
lus'ti ly (261) with a strong voice.
lust'y (193) strong.
lute (230) a stringed instrument somewhat like a mandolin.
lux u'ri ant ly (122) richly and abundantly.

mag a zine' (128) a storehouse.
mag'ni fied (149) made to appear larger.
marks (161) coins.
mar'riage por'tion (87) a wife's fortune bestowed on the husband at the time of marriage.
mar'veled (184) wondered.
mar'vel ous (101) wonderful.
mas'sa cred (măs'ȧ kẽrd) (159) murdered with great cruelty (used of large numbers of people).
mate (115) an officer in a merchant vessel, ranking next to the captain.
may hap' (161) perhaps.
me chan'ics (119) laborers.
me'te or (207) a shooting star.
min'strel sy (90) singing; (174) a collection of minstrels' songs.
mis giv'ings (255) doubts, fears.
mis'siles (158) weapons which are thrown.
mod'er ate (82) to become less extreme; *here*, to become warmer.
moor'ings (149) the place where a vessel is fastened.
moors (275) wide stretches of waste land, often marshy.
mo rose' (75) sullen, bad-tempered.
muf'fled (mŭf''ld) (149) wrapped with something to deaden the sound.
mus'ter (149) an assembling of troops.
mu'ti nous (115) rebellious; unwilling to obey.
mys'tic (142) mysterious, having a secret meaning.

nat'u ral his'to ry (27) the study of animals, plants, minerals, etc.
naught (nôt) (115) nothing.
nav i ga'tion (121) the science of sailing.
ni'tro glyc'er in (129) a powerful explosive.
nor'mal (233) natural.
nov'el (123) new, strange.
nymph (nĭmf) (50) one of the goddesses of the forests, waters, etc.

ob li ga'tion (144) a debt.
om'ni bus es (40) heavy four-wheeled public carriages.
op pres'sion (267) unjust rule.
o ra'tion (91) a speech of importance.
or ni thol'o gy (232) the study of birds.
out'crop (103) rock that juts out.
out'law (160) one who is not protected by law.
o'ver lord (274) a chief ruler.

pa'ges (168) boys who are in training for knighthood.
pal'let (282) a bed of straw.
pal'sy (132) a disease which takes away the power to control motion.

pat'ent ed (păt'ĕnt ĕd) (123) obtained the exclusive right to make (an invention).

pa thet'ic (201) causing pity or grief.

pen'ance (140) an act performed to make up for some sin.

pe'o ny (pē'ŏ nĭ) (215) a large flower, often of bright color.

per'i lous (273) dangerous.

per pet'u al (155) endless.

per sist'ed (146) kept on (saying or doing).

pet'u lance (202) fretfulness, crossness.

phan'tom (149) ghostly.

phy si'cian (89) a doctor of medicine.

pie'bald (282) of two or more colors.

plaid (plăd) (170) a rectangular piece of cloth which Scottish people wrap about the body as a cloak. It is usually of checkered material.

plant'er (123) one who owns and cultivates a large farm or plantation.

plight (188) an unhappy condition.

plow'share (266) the part of the plow that cuts the earth.

pon'dered (on) (66) thought about.

por'tal (205) a door.

port'ly (215) stout.

port man'teau (pôrt măn'tō) (38) a large leather bag.

post-chaise (pōst shāz) (254) a light carriage.

pos ter'i ty (229) descendants.

pos til'ion (106) one who rides one of the front horses of a coach.

pos'ture (233) a position.

prai'ries (prā'rĭz) (47) broad stretches of nearly level land.

prec'i pice (100) a steep or overhanging place, the face of a cliff.

pre dict'ed (126) foretold, told beforehand.

pre pos'ter ous (231) ridiculous.

pre vail' (against) (133) to gain a victory over.

pre vail'ing (181) gaining on.

prey (bird of) (142) a bird that lives on other birds or animals.

prin'ci ple (200) rule of conduct.

proc la ma'tion (79) an announcement.

pro di'gious (prō dĭj'ŭs) (226) huge.

prof'it ed (by) (76) gained.

proj'ect (118) a plan.

pro jec'tion (102) something that extends outward.

proof a gainst' (258) not moved by, not influenced by.

pro pel' (118) to drive forward.

proph'e cy (50) a declaration of something that is to happen.

pros per'i ty (147) well-being.

pros'trat ed (himself) (139) threw himself flat on the ground.

pro vok'ing (23) annoying, causing anger.

prow'ess (274) skill and bravery in battle.

quad'ru ped (256) a four-footed animal

qual'i fied (250) fitted.

quin'tal (213) a hundred-pound weight.

realm (rĕlm) (268) a kingdom.
re cep'ta cle (217) that which receives or contains.
rec ol lec'tions (77) memories.
re flect'ed (143) thought.
re flec'tion (86) thought; (149) an image such as is made in a mirror or on the surface of water.
re form'ers (251) those who work for improvements.
re gains' (his feet) (44) stands up on his feet again.
re hearsed' (134) repeated.
re lax'es (101) makes less strict, slackens.
re luc'tance (119) unwillingness.
re mon'strance es (145) protests.
re morse' (147) sorrow for sin that one has committed.
re mote' (85) far off.
rend'ing (191) splitting, breaking apart.
re nounced' (144) given up.
re proach'ful (127) expressing reproach or blame.
re sist'ance (146) opposition.
re sum'ing (218) taking again.
re vealed' (142) laid open to view; (268) made known.
rev'el (78) a merrymaking.
rev'elled (79) played happily.
ri dic'u lous (105) laughable, too silly to be believed.
rife (rīf) (204) filled.
roe (174) a female deer.
route (rōōt) (142) a road or path to be traveled.
rud'dy (136) having a healthy reddish color in the skin.
ru'di ments (199) the beginnings or foundations (of knowledge).
sa'line (203) salty.
sal'ly (172) to come out suddenly.
sap'ling (276) a young tree.
saun'tered (263) walked in a leisurely way.
scaled (skāld) (188) climbed as if by a ladder.
scowled (272) frowned heavily.
sea mews (47) sea gulls.
sear (64) withered, dried.
se clud'ed (141) shut off from the rest of the world.
sem'blance (282) a likeness.
sem'i cir'cle (16) a half circle.
sen'ti nel (101) one who watches or guards.
sen'tries (172) soldiers on guard.
shim'mer ing (47) gleaming.
shin'gly (194) abounding with shingles or gravel.
si'dled (258) moved sidewise.
siege (sēj) (273) a seat, an old-fashioned word, not used now with this meaning.
slang (136) slung, threw.
slo'gan (172) a Scottish war cry.
so'ber ness (202) seriousness.
so'journ (85) to stay.
sol'emn (202) serious.
sol'i ta ry (13) lonely.
sor'cer ers (246) magicians.
sore (133) greatly.
sov'er eign (sŏv'ĕr ĭn) (143) ruling; (272) ruler.
span (132) an ancient measure equal to about nine inches.
spe'cie (spē'shĭ) (213) coin, hard money.
spec'i men (31) example, sample.
spec'tral (151) ghostly.
spent (276) tired out.

spher'i cal (sfĕr'ĭ kăl) (189) having the shape of a sphere or globe.
spoils (265) things taken by force.
squires (167) armor-bearers for knights.
staunch (stänch) (267) loyal.
staves (stāvz) (136) plural of *staff*, a long stick carried in the hand for support or defense.
stile (21) a step, or set of steps, used for getting over a fence or hedge.
straths (174) large river valleys.
stu'por (104) a condition in which a person does not feel or think.
sub lim'est (200) noblest.
sub sid'ed (226) usually, sunk down; *here*, grown less.
suc'cor (288) to help.
suf'fered (98) endured; (197) allowed.
surged (204) moved against, like a great wave.
sur ren'der (159) to give up.
sus pend'ed (90) stopped for a while.
swarth'y (115) of dark complexion, dark colored.
sweet'bri er (182) a European rose bearing pink flowers and stout prickles.
sym'bol (109) that which stands for or represents.

taint'ed (102) carrying an odor.
tank'ards (214) large drinking cups with covers.
ta'pers (74) small wax candles.
taunt'ed (tänt'ĕd) (98) mocked.
tax'i der mists (233) those who stuff the skins of animals.
ten'ant (175) one who rents land or buildings.
ten'ant ed (103) occupied.
thorps (192) small villages.
tin'der (185) something which will catch fire easily.
town cri'er (79) a public officer who goes about the streets calling out notices.
tra di'tion (157) stories handed down from the past by word of mouth.
tran'quil (152) quiet, calm.
trav'ersed (264) crossed.
treach'er y (trĕch'ĕr ĭ) (165) the breaking of a promise, a trick.
trea'cle (trē'k'l) (73) molasses.
trea'son (208) the breaking of faith.
tre'bles (192) high-pitched sounds.
tre'mor (129) quiver, trembling.
tri um'phant (21) joyful over success.
troop'er (164) a soldier in a body of cavalry.
troth (162) truth.
tu'mult (203) noise and confusion.
tur'bans (80) hats or bonnets.
tur'bu lent (204) in violent commotion.
turn'pike (259) a gate where money is collected for the privilege of passing over a road.
two'pence half'pen ny (tŭp'ĕns hā'pĕn ĭ) (26) English coins.
ty'rant (96) one who rules without right; (205) a cruel unjust ruler.

ul'ti mate (120) final.
un furled' (109) unfolded, spread out.

un prof'it a ble (125) not yielding enough to be worth while.
un told' (125) too great to be counted.
up-wind' (101) against the wind.
ur'gent (124) needing to be attended to at once.

val'or (109) bravery, courage.
van'i ty (138) an empty thing, a thing which has no value.
van'quished (207) conquered.
ve'hi cle (40) a carriage; (118) anything in which persons or things may be carried.
venge'ance (285) punishment given to pay for some act of wrong or injury.
ven'i son (vĕn'ĭ z'n) (175) the flesh of the deer.
vi'cious (45) wicked; *here*, hard to manage.
vict'uals (vĭt''ls) (175) food.
vis'age (vĭz'ăj) (223) a face.
vise (vīs) (243) a screw.
vi zier' (vĭ zēr') (139) a Turkish or Arabian officer of state.
vol un ta'ri ly (159) of one's own will, without being forced.

wan (115) pale.
ward'er (176) a guard.
war'rant (163) to promise, to assure.
wa'ry (100) careful.
wa'ter-break (193) a ripple in the water.
wa'ter wraith (rāth) (180) a spirit living in the water.
wel'kin dome (109) the sky, which looks like the inside of a great rounded roof or dome.
wha (172) who.
who'so (269) whoever.
wield (wēld) (265) to handle.
wight (wīt) (180) a person.
win'some (180) sweet.
wist'ful (203) full of longing.
wood-louse (64) a small insect living under stones or bark or in cracks in walls.
work'man ship (88) the quality given to a thing in the making by the skill of the workman.
wrest (283) to take by force.
wroth (277) angered.
wrought (rôt) (48) worked, made, caused.

yeo'man (179) a word formerly used in England to describe a free man of the common people.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

[For explanation of these names, see the text and the SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.]

Alcott (77) ôl′kŭt
Arkwright (123) ärk′rīt
Audubon (233) ô′dō̇ bŏn
Azores (115) *a* zōrz′

Baba Abdalla (139) bä bä äb däl′lȧ
Ballengiech (175) băl′lĕn gēk
Beaumont (89) bō′mŏnt
Benedetto (91) bĕn ĕ dĕt′tō̇
Bowdoin (210) bō′ d'n
Buccleuch (165) bŭc klōō′
Buchanans (175) bŭ kăn′ănz
Burroughs (233) bŭr′ōz
Bussorah (140) bŭs sō′rȧ

Carlisle (162) kär līl′
Clermont (117) klĕr′mŏnt
Concord (152) kŏŋ′kērd
Cramond (177) krăm′ond

Damon (96) dā′mŏn
Dionysius (96) dī ō nĭsh′ĭ *ŭs*
Don Gomez (110) dŏn gō′mās

Edinburgh (177) ĕd′'n bŭr ō
Eliab (134) ē lī′ăb

Gaulton (182) gôl′tŏn
Goliath (132) gō̇ lī′*ăth*
Gudrid (10) gōōd′rĭd
Guinevere (272) gwĭn′ē vēr

Halcro (182) hăl′crō
Haroun al Raschid (139) hä rōōn′ ä rä shĕd′
Hesperides (218) hĕs pĕr′ĭ dēz
Howieson (177) hou′ĭ *sŭn*

Israelites (132) ĭz′rȧ ĕl īts

Joaquin (116) wä kēn′

Jon Sigurdson (9) yŏn zē′gērd *sŭn*
Jotunheim (234) yō′tōōn hăm

Lancelot (283) lȧn′sē lŏt
Leodegrance (272) lē ŏd′ē grănz
Lochgyle (179) lŏk gīl
Loge (240) lō′gē

Mediterranean (96) mĕd ĭ tĕr ā′nē *ăn*
Menelaus (52) mĕn ē lā′*ŭs*
Miölner (246) mĭ ĕrl′nĕr
Münchhausen (105) mŭn chō *sĕn*

Orpheus (230) ôr′fūs

Pacifica (91) pȧ sĭf′ĭ *kȧ*
Pequots (157) pē′kwŏts
Pentecost (273) pĕn′tē kŏst
Percivale (274) pûr′sĭ *văl*
Philistines (132) fĭ lĭs′tĭns
Phœnix (206) fē′nĭks
Plutarch (77) plōō′tärk
Pomona (183) pō̇ mō′*nȧ*
Pythias (96) pĭth′ĭ *ăs*

Raphael (91) răf′*ā* ĕl

Sakelde (161) sä′kĕld
Siberia (154) sī bē′rĭ *ȧ*
Sierras (30) sĭ ĕr′*ȧs*
Skrymer (236) skrĭm′ĕr
Southwark (197) sŭ*th*′ĕrk
Syracuse (96) sĭr′*ȧ* kŭs

Ullin (179) ōōl′lĭn
Ulysses (54) ū lĭs′ēz
Urbino (91) ōōr bē′nō
Utgard (238) ōōt′gärd
Uther Pendragon (267) ū′thĕr pĕn· drăg′*ŭn*

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